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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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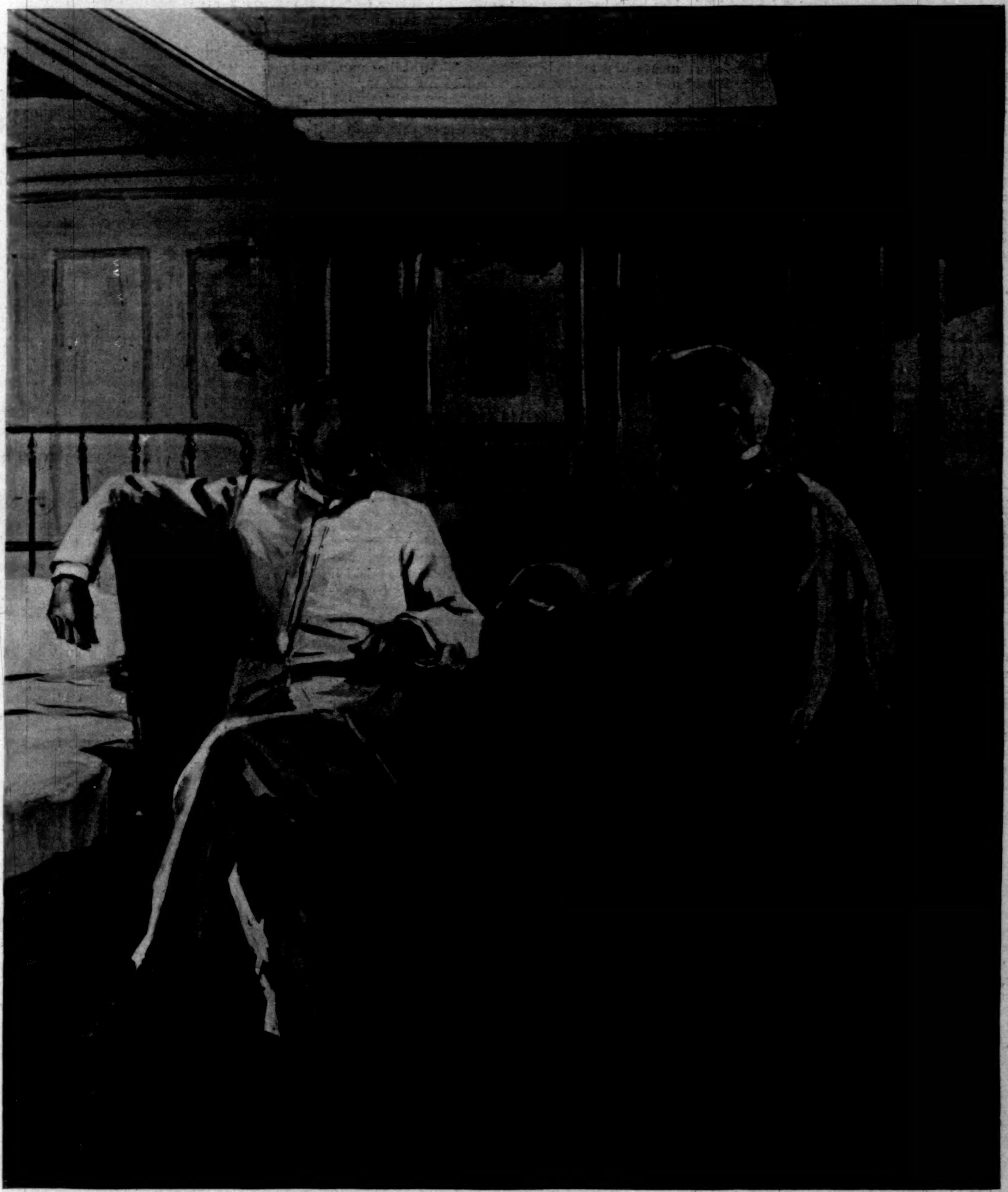

OUR ARMY AND NAVY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

ADMIRAL DEWEY AND GENERAL MERRITT IN ADMIRAL DEWEY'S CABIN ON THE FLAG-SHIP "OLYMPIA."

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. D. MILLET, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL MERRITT'S FORCES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1898

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ALREADY the capitalists are beginning to form corporations for the exploitation of our West Indian possessions. There is no doubt that money is to be made in Cuba and Puerto Rico. But money-making and inefficient, even dishonest, government are not always incompatible.

GENERAL MILES is evidently intent on a controversy with the Secretary of War. It is greatly to be regretted if any occasion for such a controversy exists. General MILES is naturally jealous of his reputation as a soldier; he is also desirous of avoiding an undeserved responsibility for any evils that may have attended the campaign in Cuba, and is rightfully insistent upon his privileges as major-general commanding the army. In the present state of public opinion we are inclined to think that General MILES will have the sympathy of the country; but sympathy should not govern in such a matter as this, and before reaching a final judgment every one should be certain of being in possession of all the facts and having heard all sides.

GENERAL SIR HERBERT KITCHENER'S victory over the Khalifa is righteous vengeance long deferred. Whether it means permanent occupancy of Egypt or not, this country will sympathize with England in whatever conclusion she reaches. For ourselves, we think that under existing conditions, and in view of what England has already done in Egypt, the longer she remains in Egypt the better for the Egyptians, the better for Europe, and much the better for Africa. Sir HERBERT KITCHENER has shown himself to be one of the great soldiers of the time, and the English troops who fought under him have made their usual exhibition of splendid bravery. We are glad that our own soldiers have shown themselves worthy comrades of the men who fought at Omdurman. Another interesting and important thing in connection with the battle was the good work done by the Egyptian troops. This shows what white leadership can do for the Egyptian peasant. In a word, to paraphrase what an English naval attaché said at San Juan, this has been a great year for the Anglo-Saxon race.

OUR consul at Valencia, Spain, has made a report setting forth the valuable opportunities which are offered just now to various lines of enterprise in that country, and inviting the careful attention of American merchants and investors. It is gratifying to note that our consuls in Spain have resumed their duties energetically, and that their investigations into the conditions of Spanish-American trade are at present more important than they have ever been. The country's business, as well as its politics, has been badly shaken up, and new openings for the reconstruction of business interests which have been weakened or destroyed offer rich returns to those who are prompt to take advantage of them. Foreign capital, especially French, is being largely invested in this way. Our consular reports, which will be forthcoming very soon, are sure to contain statements of very important facts and conditions. The larger question of Spain's present industrial opportunity is suggested. Now that she is relieved of her colonies, whose systematic exploitation and misgovernment have almost ruined her, will she turn her attention to the development of her splendid domestic resources? Or will she cling to the false ideals and antiquated methods which have impoverished the national estate?

SURGEON-GENERAL STERNBERG announces that the camp at Montauk is not only well situated, but is in admirable condition. He does not think the water can be contaminated so as to become a breeder of typhoid, and he finds the men very comfortable. We wish that the country might properly believe this to be true; but in view of the reports of Dr. SENN, Dr. EDSON, and Dr. STIMSON, and the conclusions of the board of surgeons, who have examined the conditions at Montauk apparently with more thoroughness than Dr. STERNBERG—at least they have had an opportunity to devote more time to the work—nothing but the future can possibly vindicate the Surgeon-General of the army. We trust that it will be found that the surgeons who have declared that a typhoid epidemic will break forth if the camp is maintained will prove to be mistaken. There is no doubt that conditions are improving at Montauk, largely because so many ill men have been removed, and that there is less likelihood now of an epidemic than there was when Dr. SENN first spoke. The military authorities have not been idle; large numbers of the volunteers have been furloughed, and many of the regulars have been ordered to different military posts, chiefly in the East. No one wants horrible and foul conditions to prevail, and every one will be glad if the measures already taken by the government will result in bettering conditions at the camp, and in saving lives that were undoubtedly threatened a week or ten days ago by causes which would not have existed if some one had not been incompetent or indifferent.

THE commissioners of the United States, Great Britain, and Canada have thus far spent ten days in deliberating upon the questions submitted to them, after which an adjournment was made for more than two weeks. The results of the discussions were not given in detail to the press, though certain facts reported have not since been contradicted. The time of our commissioners has partly been taken up in receiving deputations from the lumber, sealing, and New England fishing interests, as well as others from chambers of commerce and manufacturing interests. With regard to the tariff, our commissioners are believed to be undecided as yet whether to insist upon Canada's abandonment of her preferential tariff in favor of Great Britain as a prerequisite to reciprocity with this country, or whether, allowing it to stand, to arrange for the reciprocal lowering of certain duties independently of it. The Canadian commissioners have larger powers at the present conference than ever before. They are practically independent, while on previous occasions of this kind their opinions and preferences have been subordinated to those of the British commissioners. It is noteworthy that only two questions—the seal-fisheries and the proposed revision of the treaty of 1817 regarding naval vessels on the Great Lakes—immediately affect British interests, the remaining questions directly concerning this country and Canada. The representation of Newfoundland at the conference has complicated the Atlantic fisheries and other questions by a possible divergence between that island and the Dominion, the former asserting the right to independent negotiations with the United States if terms are not satisfactory. In other words, another treaty similar to the BOND-BLAINE agreement of a few years ago may be entered into, though at considerable risk of a veto by the imperial government.

THE DREYFUS case comes up again before the French tribunals, in a manner that is peculiarly humiliating not only to the French army, but to the French Republic. The English-speaking world, whose methods of justice are very different from those of France, has always believed that the conviction of DREYFUS was a public scandal. At first this opinion was held because the trial took place in secret, and no information was given to the public as to the reason for the verdict against this unfortunate Alsacian Jew. Then it was discovered that the only piece of evidence against the accused was a memorandum, as to the authorship of which there was a striking difference of opinion among experts in handwriting. A conviction upon such evidence was so opposed to every natural sense of justice, that the insistence of the army chiefs upon standing by the action of the court martial raised a presumption that DREYFUS was made a scapegoat, for the purpose of relieving the whole military establishment of the onus of having a traitor concealed among its officers who was selling military secrets to a foreign government. To bolster up the general staff of the army, and to show that the only traitor in the list had been discovered and was punished, Minister-of-War CAVAIGNAC, speaking for the army, at last confessed that the conviction was based upon three documents which, as events showed, had never been seen by DREYFUS or his counsel. ZOLA'S accusations and his farcical trial, and now Lieutenant-Colonel HENRY'S confession and suicide, and the resignation of General BOISDEFFRE and of CAVAIGNAC, show conclusively that the presumption was well founded. More than this, the whole case shows that the government of France and its justice are in the hands of the soldiers, and the soldiers have been proved to be entirely unworthy of the trust, and to have, in this case at least, been unjust and cruel tyrants. Under such government there can be but little real personal liberty in France, for every private citizen is at the mercy of the military chiefs, if the latter happen to have any object to gain by his incarceration, his banishment, or his death. Slighter causes than this have led to revolution in France, whose political outlook is full of menace and of interest.

GREAT BRITAIN AND RUSSIA IN CHINA.

INVOLVED in our own problems—problems that make us, for the time, the most interesting country in the world—is the great new Eastern question, which seems to be hastening the drift of Russia and Great Britain towards war, unless it be true, as is reported, that an agreement between the two has been reached. Thirteen years ago Mr. ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN, the special correspondent of the London *Times*, wrote as follows: "It is inevitable that the question of supremacy in Asia will be shortly decided in favor of one or the other of the powers, Russia or Britain. In the coming strife England must, in spite of herself, play a leading part, since the material interests of the British Empire are by far the heaviest stake in the game. It is even probable that the fate of the empire itself may be eventually decided in the Eastern seas." Mr. COLQUHOUN is the best informed Englishman in China on contemporaneous politics of the rulers at Peking. He is apparently in closer touch with the Chinese authorities, and especially with the Tsung-li-Yamên, than is Sir CLAUDE MACDONALD, the British ambassador. He is acquainted with the designs of Russia; he is familiar with the feeling of China towards her encroaching neighbor; he understands the strength of the Russian and the weakness of the Manchu dynasty. He realizes keenly the inefficiency of British diplomacy in dealing with the Tsar and his ministers; he probably shares with many of his countrymen the opinion that Sir CLAUDE MACDONALD is too soft and too polite, too little insistent on British rights and claims, in his intercourse with the trembling barbarian, who for forty years has been yielding up territory to his northern neighbor, and he knows and protests against the peaceful attitude of Lord SALISBURY, who, it is true, is inspired by the Queen, but who, in the end, will be held responsible.

Mr. COLQUHOUN has now written a book on *China in Transformation*, which Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS have just published, which is full of information on China, and from which, better than from any other book, one may learn the vast importance of this new Eastern question, and the character, the resources, the capabilities, of China and the Chinese, and their possibilities under the rule of white men of Europe. The question must be settled between the approaching powers, either by war or treaty. It is too early to comment on the probable effect of the Tsar's invitation to the nations to disarm; but it is not unfair to point out that disarmament would be much more dangerous to Great Britain than to Russia; that a navy cannot be rebuilt as quickly as an army can be reformed; and that, in China, Russia would be at a great advantage over her rival, being nearer to the common objective by reason of her Siberian railway, if the contentions of the two powers should again reach the acute stage at which they seem to be at present, when a rearmament would be inevitable.

China is not only an enormous empire, but it is one of the richest countries of the world, and it lies temptingly between the two greatest Asiatic powers—for both Great Britain and Russia, judged by extent of territory, are more Asiatic than European. Measured by population, England is also more Asiatic than European; but while there are more of the Tsar's subjects in Europe than in Asia, in mind, in spirit, and in political methods, Russia is much more Asiatic than England, and therein, perhaps, the latter has been greatly at a disadvantage in the diplomatic game which has been in progress for years, and which has been especially active since the Franco-Chinese war. Mr. COLQUHOUN gives the area of England's European possessions as 121,000 square miles, and of her Asiatic possessions as 1,617,000 square miles. While her population in Europe is 38,000,000, her Asiatic population numbers 292,000,000. Russian territory in Europe covers an area of 2,095,000 square miles, and her Asiatic territory 6,575,000 square miles. Her population in Europe is 106,000,000, while her population in Asia is only 23,000,000. In other words,

Russia, with more than four times as much Asiatic territory as England has, rules over not quite one-thirteenth as many Asiatics as live under the rule of the Queen. Lying to the south of the lands which MURAVIEFF and IGNATIEFF obtained from China for the Tsar in 1858 and 1860, respectively, are Mongolia and Manchuria, which, as Mr. COLQUHOUN says, are the Tsar's whenever he wants them—practically the Tsar's at present. The remainder is China proper, with its eighteen provinces and 350,000,000 people, mostly rich, but discordant, rebellious against the central authority at Peking, and a tempting prey to the Russian, who wants many things in Asia, but above all else, perhaps, millions of people and millions of wealth to add to his millions of barren acres in the dreary North; tempting also to Great Britain, who must not only meet Russian approaches towards India by a bold front and an advancing and aggressive policy, but whose principal motive is explained by an extract from Mr. CURZON'S book on the *Problems of the Far East*, which is quoted by Mr. COLQUHOUN in support of the proposition that "it is to China alone that we can look in the future .... for any great expansion of our commerce." This is what Mr. CURZON says: "How vital is its [British power in China] maintenance, not merely for the sake of our empire, but for the sustenance of our people, no arguments are needed to prove. It is only in the East, and especially in the Far East, that we may still hope to keep and to create open markets for British manufactures. Every port, every town, and every village that passes into French or Russian hands is an outlet lost to Manchester, Bradford, or Bombay."

Here is the core of the situation in the East, so far as these two great Asiatic powers are concerned: China with her vast mineral and agricultural resources, her coal, her iron, her various other metals, her rice and tea, her silk and cotton, is likely to be the theatre of a great war in behalf of commerce. It may be, of course, that the Tsar's movement for peace will become an accomplished fact, and that nineteenth-century civilization, with its growing conviction that war is inexcusable barbarism, will become logical, and will return its soldiers and sailors to the ranks of producers; but, whether the knotty problem be solved by war or by mutual concessions, the fact remains that the Chinese are doomed to come under the control of Europeans. This will be of enormous benefit to China. It will develop her riches. Her skilful population will be set at work. The dexterous and intelligent Chinaman will become the competitor of the wage-earners of Europe and America. His goods will come into the markets of the world, and, in turn, his own markets will be open to the products of the West. Commerce will flourish. Capital, which, as Mr. CHARLES A. CONANT clearly shows in the current number of the *North American Review*, is begging for a chance of employment, and is earning smaller and smaller dividends as the years go round and as savings are piled up, will once more rejoice, for a time at least, in bigger dividends and in higher rates of interest. Prices will go down, of course, and we are therefore likely to hear again from the silver gentlemen who believe that high prices are blessings; but, they to the contrary notwithstanding, the world will be the better for the additions to its wealth that will result from European control of China, and from the consequential increase of the comfort of all classes. Accompanying the increase of economic blessings will inevitably be political and socialistic problems, difficult to solve, impossible of solution, indeed, without enormous expense, by such a democracy as our own. Think, for example, of the trouble we shall have at home if we share in the government of the East, when our voting wage-earners discover that their non-voting subjects in Asia are competing in the labor markets of the world, and are driving down the wages of their political masters. Although this is not the whole of our problem by any means, it is an important consideration. Our manufacturers, our merchants, and our wage-earners are to feel the competition of Europe-governed China. That the competition will be good for them in the end goes without saying; that the world, including the United States, will be the richer for the exploitation of China is certain; but do we want to pay for the competition in taxes for armed occupation of the Far East? Do we want to take upon ourselves the burdens of Oriental politics for a gain that shall be ours in any event? For improved, or transformed, China will make for our profit whether we govern in the East or remain at home, and the question is whether we shall take the advantage peacefully or pay for it unnecessarily. Shall we accept the gifts that must be bestowed upon us, or shall we assume unnecessary burdens of government and wars in return for them? Our own interest, of course, will be greatly advantaged by the success of Great Britain, and yet the advantage to be gained by her triumph in a war against Russia would not warrant us in participating in such a war. Probably we could help her to a peaceable solution of her burdens, and that would be to the gain of all.

"THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED."

NOTHING is more bewildering, in the present bewildering state of a public feeling which cannot be said to have crystallized into public opinion, than the fact that the authors of our political failures at home should be the chief advocates of "expansion" abroad. The Jingoes are the incompetents. "We have been unfaithful over a few things," they say; "make us rulers over many things."

Now nothing is clearer than that the agencies of government we have are ill adapted to their present limited uses, and that, if we mean to undertake larger problems, we must have a very different set of tools. The House of Representatives, we have to admit, whether we like it or not, is a house of representatives—that is to say, it is composed of average American citizens who know no less than the average of their constituencies about trade, finance, currency, foreign politics, and all the other subjects upon which they are called to legislate, and whose pride it is to know no more. The Senate is not even a house of representatives—and that for a manifest reason. The House of Representatives is immediately responsible to the people. Every member of it is aware that his course must meet the approval of his district, or of his party in his district. He is constantly held in check by the necessity of obtaining the consent of the governed. A Senator feels no such responsibility. It is only when his term is drawing to its close that he inquires how the people of his State will regard his official course. Even if he is aware that it is disapproved, he hopes, by the favor of the boss, unless he himself is the boss, to circumvent public disapproval. Unless his misbehavior has been so scandalous as to "lose the State," as in GORMAN'S case, he is very apt to succeed. Now in governing distant territories, in which "the consent of the governed" is not required, the member of the Lower House is freed from the one influence that steadies him. The representative will be as bad as the Senator. Since the Constitution puts the whole matter in the charge of Congress, have we the least guarantee that our government of colonies will be honest or intelligent? Our solution of our Indian problem by extermination, our solution of our negro problem by lynching, our solution of our Alaskan problem by apathy—these achievements scarcely indicate that we are prepared to shine in an "Imperial" capacity.

"Imperialism" seems likely to become the watchword of the Republican party. That party asks the people to intrust it with the destinies of some millions of foreigners of whose needs it knows nothing, and by whose desires it does not even profess to be guided. The answer of the people to this demand ought to be an insistence that the party should purge itself of its abuses, and set its own house in order, before reaching out after new dominion; that it should show itself much more faithful over a few things before asking to be intrusted with rule over many things. The Republican party does at least profess to be guided by public opinion in domestic politics, and to "derive its just powers from the consent of the governed." But it is perfectly well known that in those States which are governed by bosses not even this condition is fulfilled. The boss is not guided by the opinion, we will not say of the voters, but of the voters even of his own party. His machine enables him to defy their will, up to the point where their exasperation will induce them to turn on him and defeat him at the polls.

We have already pointed out instances in which the Republican party might vindicate itself by showing that "the consent of the governed" was an integral part of its rule, that the opinion of the voters was, in fact, taken and not defied in the selection of candidates for the governorship of American States. In our newly acquired dependencies nobody pretends that "the consent of the governed" will be requisite to our government. But what the most unbridled Jingo theoretically admits is that our government ought to be satisfactory to the people of the United States. It is the one responsibility that all the Imperialists admit. Our government of Hawaii may not be, and in fact we know it is not, satisfactory to the Hawaiians. Our government of the Philippines may not be satisfactory to the Filipinos. It remains to be seen whether the Puerto-Ricans will like our way of governing after they have had a fair trial of it, while as for the Cubans, we no longer pretend to care whether they are satisfied with our proceedings preliminary to the condition in which we shall acknowledge that their own government is "stable," and evacuate the island, leaving them to their own devices. But we do pretend that the governments we establish, whatever may be the opinion entertained of them by "the governed," will meet the views of the people of the United States, who are not to live under them. The only way of making that pretence good is to make sure that the people of the United States are governed in accordance with their own desires; that here, at least, governments "derive their powers from the consent of the governed." But in boss-ridden States even this is notoriously untrue. Before the boss can decently appear as an "Imperialist" he must abdicate as a boss, and give the people of New York and Pennsylvania and Connecticut some evidence that they are governed in accordance with their own opinions, before he presumes to assure them that Hawaii and Puerto Rico and Cuba and Luzon will be governed in accordance with their opinions.

THE DEFEAT OF CECIL RHODES.

THE Cape Colony elections have ended, after an exciting two months' struggle, in a narrow victory for the Africander Bond, the political league of the Dutch colonists. The result is chiefly of a personal interest. The campaign turned on an issue which was not mentioned in any of the official platforms. Electoral reform, educational reform, tariff reform, and improved irrigation were merely subsidiary to the great question of RHODES supremacy at the Cape. The elections gave to the Dutch settlers their first chance of passing judgment on the prime mover in the JAMESON raid. Their verdict is that Mr. RHODES would be better employed in making good his abundant promises of the wealth to be found in "golden Rhodesia," and that, so long as they can prevent it, Cape politics shall be free from his domination. The Dutch have long memories, and are slow to give back a confidence that has once been forfeited. For nearly ten years they trusted in CECIL RHODES and kept him in office by their votes, supported his policy even when it went against Krugerism, and were nearly as enthusiastic in their praise as the English themselves. On that period of good feeling the door was closed with a bang at the end of 1895, and the Dutch—small blame to them—have not yet been won over to risk a second betrayal. If the result of the elections convinces Mr. RHODES of the wisdom of confining himself to his work in the north, there will be a feeling of relief all over South Africa. For some time to come his return to Cape politics can only be a signal for racial violence and antagonism.

There is a large RHODES faction in England which cannot conceive of any one being loyal to the empire and at the same time hostile to their impeccable idol. This faction did its best during the last two months to make out that British rule in South Africa depended on the re-election of the Progressives. All sorts of traitorous designs were charged against the leaders of the Bond by the wiseacres of the London press, who must be regretting now that they were ever so foolish as to put all their patriotic eggs in one basket. The truth is that Mr. HOFMEYR, Mr. ROSE INNES, and Mr. SCHREINER are about as "disloyal" as Sir WILFRID LAURIER. Nobody questioned their Imperialism so long as they followed Mr. RHODES, and there is no need to question it now that they have very properly broken away from him. The first item on the Bond platform was "a substantial contribution to the Imperial navy." If that may be taken as a sample of "anti-British intrigues," the empire could well do with a few more traitors with similar convictions.

The first effects of the Bond victory may be to encourage President KRUGER in his fascinating obstinacy to modern ideas, and to turn his thoughts to the chances of a successful repudiation of the London convention; but before long the President will find that more is expected of him in the way of tariff reductions than he is quite ready to yield even to his southern kinsmen. The Bond, above all else, wants peace in South Africa, and a readier market in the neighboring republics for agricultural produce. Its influence has always been on the side of moderation in the President's dealings with the Uitlanders, for the reason that his present policy not only hinders the trade of Cape Colony with the Transvaal, but spreads uncertainty and commercial depression over the whole of South Africa. If any concessions at all can be extracted from the obdurate old gentleman, they are much more likely to come under the friendly pressure of the Bond than from his personal conviction of their propriety, or at the solicitations of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The thing to regret is not that the Bond has won, but that the smallness of its majority does not promise a very long lease of life.

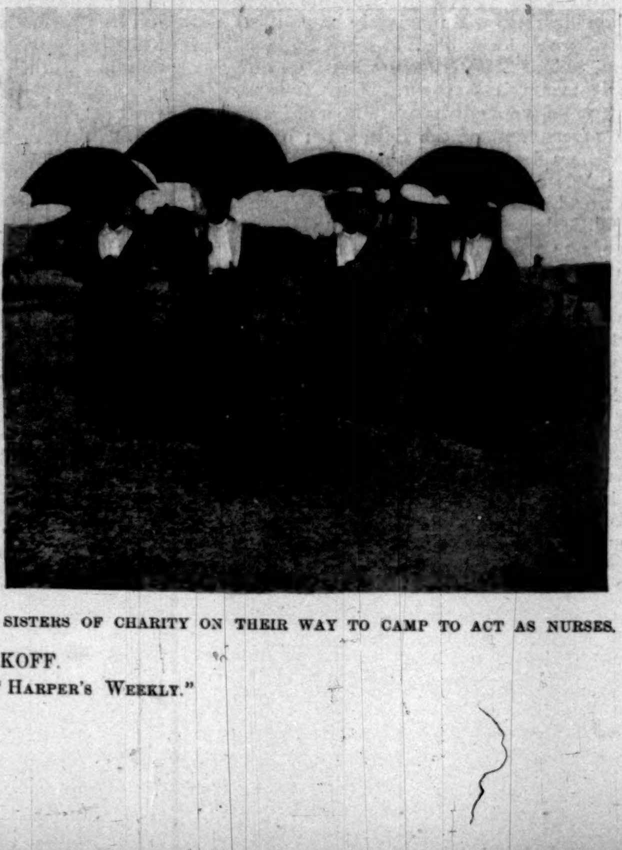
OPERATING TABLE, FIELD SURGICAL WARD, GENERAL HOSPITAL.

HELPING COMRADES ON THE WAY TO BOSTON HOSPITALS.

RED CROSS NURSE HELPING A SICK SOLDIER AT RAILROAD STATION.

MISS WHEELER, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL WHEELER, A NURSE IN THE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

GENERAL WHEELER AND SURGEON-GENERAL STERNBERG GOING TO INSPECT THE HOSPITAL.



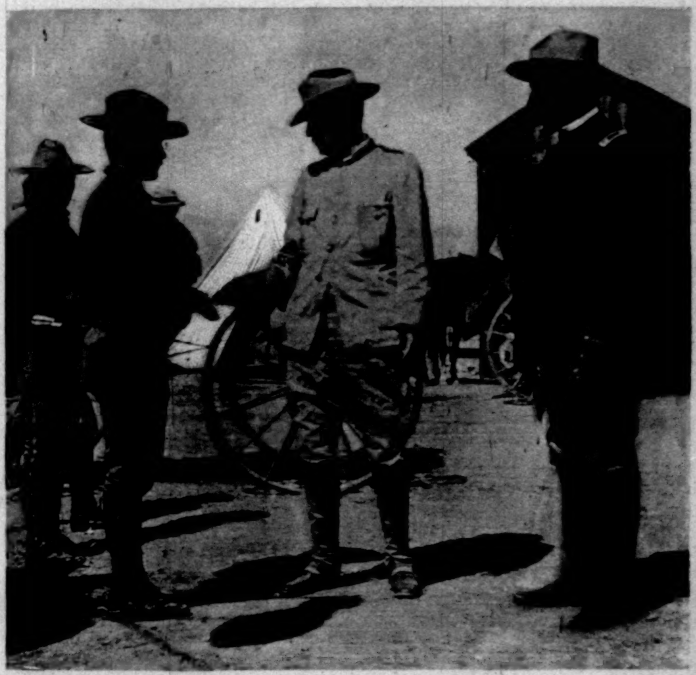
SISTERS OF CHARITY ON THEIR WAY TO CAMP TO ACT AS NURSES.

SCENES AT CAMP WIKOFF.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

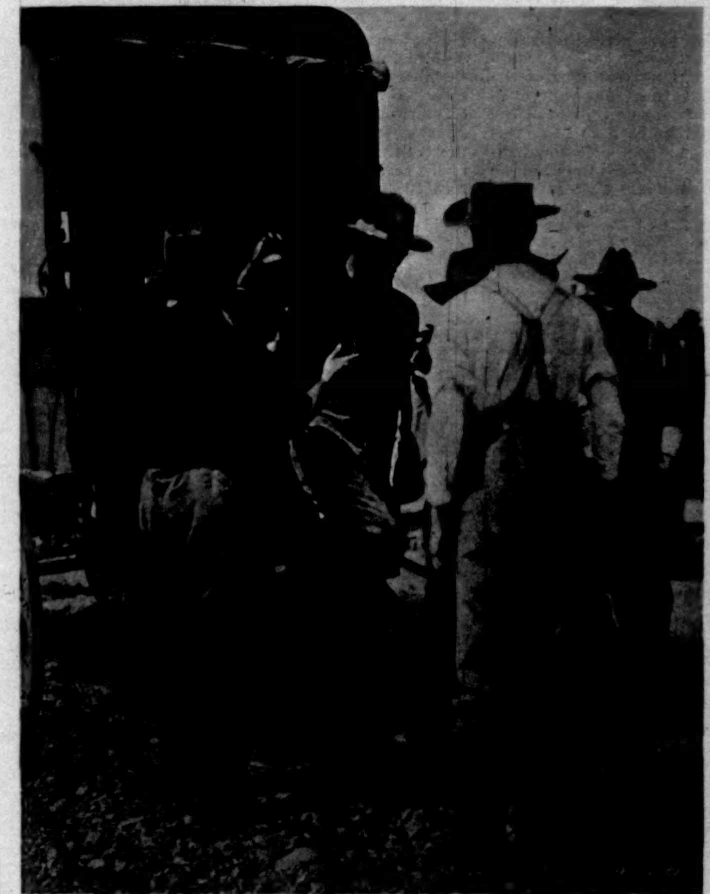
COLONEL WESTON, IN CHARGE OF COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT.

SURGEON-GENERAL STERNBERG AND COLONEL FORWOOD, CHIEF SURGEON.



CAPTAIN CHASE, PROVOST-MARSHAL.

COLONEL STUART, BACTERIOLOGIST, WHO IS TESTING THE CAMP WATER.



A SICK SOLDIER ARRIVING AT THE HOSPITAL.

CARRYING SICK SOLDIER TO THE STEAMER FOR BOSTON.

SCENES AT CAMP WIKOFF.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

THE DREYFUS CASE.

The suicide, in his prison, of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry is the latest act performed in the drama of the Dreyfus case, and everything seems to indicate that the fifth and last act will end, as in classical tragedies, by virtue being rewarded and crime punished. That is to say, a revision of the secret and illegal trial of Captain Dreyfus will be granted. This is all that is wanted by universal conscience, for the question of the guilt or innocence of the prisoner of Devil's Island is a secondary one when contrasted with that of the supreme right of any man in a civilized nation to be judged not within closed doors, and not without being shown the documents which have led to his indictment, sentence, and degradation. It is this aspect of the Dreyfus question which has made it a subject of interest throughout the world.

CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

For the last two years a tremendous fight has been kept on in France in favor of a revision of the Dreyfus case, by the lovers of justice and fair dealings in the courts. Émile Zola, Clémenceau, Jaurès, Pressensé, and a host of other celebrated men have fought in vain for the revision. The French people refused to listen to any accusation against the General Military Staff, the only accusers of Captain Dreyfus, who practically hypnotized the nation, to which they represented themselves as the immaculate chiefs of the army, upon which the French confidently relied for obtaining the recovery of the two lost provinces, Alsace and Lorraine. But the suicide of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, the factotum of the General Staff, and his avowal that he had forged one of the secret documents used against Dreyfus, have opened the eyes of the French people.

Thus it has suddenly been shown that not only had the captain been condemned without being allowed to see and discuss the documents which influenced the opinion of his judges, but that one of these documents, at least, was a forgery, confessed by the forger himself. The first illegality was admitted by a Paris paper, *L'Éclair*, the recognized organ of the General Staff, in its number of September 15, 1896, just two years ago, when it said: "The truth is that Dreyfus had not been condemned only for the 'bordereau' [memorandum in which he revealed to a foreign power the secrets of the mobilization of the French army]. A letter written by a German military attaché to an Italian attaché had been seized and photographed, and that letter contained these words: 'Cette canaille de Dreyfus devient bien exigeant' [This scoundrel Dreyfus becomes very exacting]. That letter had not been shown either to Dreyfus or to his counsel. It had not been submitted to the judges during the legal trial. But when they were in the Council Chamber, out of the presence of the accused, that document was communicated to them, and it decided the condemnation." There was a lie already in that admission of the organ of the General Staff. The document did not contain the name of Dreyfus, and only had an initial letter. It said: "Ce canaille de D....," as it was proved by the very reading which M. Cavaignac, late Minister of War, and a believer in Dreyfus's alleged treason, gave of it at the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies in his speech of the last July 7th. Anyhow, it was the publication in *L'Éclair* of September, 1896, which began to open the eyes of the unprejudiced Frenchmen to the matter, and which caused the opening of the campaign in favor of the revision.

GODEFROY CAVAIGNAC,
Late Minister of War.

At that time Captain Dreyfus had already been confined for nearly two years in his awful prison of Devil's Island—the worst spot on the coast of French Guiana, nearly opposite the city of Cayenne—which was denominated, together with its neighbor Sinndendria, the "dry guillotine," when it was chosen as a place of deportation for the Terrorists and anti-Imperialists sentenced by the Directory and by Napoleon I. But it appears, according to the latest despatches, that Dreyfus, whose death was often reported, is thoroughly acclimated, and physically in good health. He will be able, therefore, to answer any charges which may be brought against him, and to discuss the value of the real or the forged documents which were not communicated to him or his advocate at the time of his trial, which took place in December, 1894. Two months before, a "bordereau," or memorandum, revealing, as said above, the programme of the mobilization of the French corps d'armée, was brought to Colonel Sandherr, chief of the Intelligence Bureau of the General Staff, who died soon after, and whose place was filled by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, the too famous suicide and forger. The "bordereau" had been found in the waste-basket of the German ambassador at Paris by a servant, who acted as a spy in the interest of the French Intelligence Bureau. At least such was the explanation given at Dreyfus's trial, though it is more than strange that documents of such importance should be carelessly thrown by a diplomat in his waste-basket. As to this document, it was asserted by the accused captain that it was not in the handwriting of Dreyfus. On the other hand, some papers circulated a story according to which the captain, having been summoned to the General Staff and required to write a few lines dictated from the "bordereau," threw himself at the feet of Colonel Du Paty de Clam, and admitted that it was he who wrote the treacherous document. Since then it has been discovered that the real author was probably Commandant Esterhazy, who was twice acquitted by two courts martial, but who is reported in the latest despatches from Paris to have disappeared as soon as it was stated that the government had decided to grant a revision of the trial of 1894.

GENERAL ZURLINDEN.

This trial resulted, as is well known, in a sentence condemning Dreyfus to imprisonment for life and degradation from all military rank and honors. It has been already said in former articles of the Weekly that Alfred Dreyfus was a Hebrew, from the city of Mülhausen, in Alsace, who had elected French nationality after his native place had been annexed to the German Empire.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HENRY.

COLONEL DU PATY DE CLAM.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PICQUART.

He was an artillery officer, a married man, father of two children, and possessor of a fortune sufficient to exclude the idea that he would resort to treason in order to make money. After his sentence he was taken from the military prison of the Cherche Midi to the square of the École Militaire in Paris, where troops were assembled to witness the painful ceremony of the degradation. The insignia of his rank as captain, the badges of his profession, were torn from his coat and cap; even the stripes were torn from his trousers by the adjutant, and his sword was broken. He was then led along the front of the troops; and during this awful funeral march he did not cease to cry that he was innocent. The captain was embarked at the Ile de Ré, in February, 1895, for the Devil's Island, where he remains under the guard of twelve men, in a cabin or hut, enclosed recently by a high board fence which cuts off a view of the sea.

He has said repeatedly that within three years after his condemnation his innocence would be recognized. It has not been proved yet, and it may never be proved. But he did not err in foreseeing that a tremendous movement would be made in favor of the revision of his trial as soon as it would be known that it had not been conducted according to the rules of justice and equity to the application of which all accused persons are entitled in France, as well as in any other civilized country. The personality of the accused, his guilt or innocence, become a matter of secondary importance, in the opinion of those who think that the security of all is compromised whenever the constitutional and judicial forms are not observed toward a single individual. In order to counteract the threatening uprising of public opinion and to maintain their supremacy over the French nation, the military chiefs, assisted by the reactionary Catholic clericals, tried to displace the purely judicial ques-

EMILE ZOLA.

COMMANDANT ESTERHAZY.

GENERAL DE BOISDEFFRE.

tion, and raised the cry that if a revision of Dreyfus's trial was demanded, it was only because he was a Jew and by his coreligionists. They succeeded in raising in France and in Algeria a spirit of anti-Semitism, which did not exist even after the rabid publications, of fifteen years ago, of Édouard Drumont and other Catholic sectarians. They even dared to incite people against the Protestant minority of the French people.

Undaunted by these menaces, and indifferent to sectarian religious questions, many of the most celebrated citizens of France opened the campaign for the revision as soon as they discovered by the admission of the General Staff itself that the equitable rules of justice had been violated in the Dreyfus case; and they have won their cause, after all. Their fight was begun by M. Scheurer-Kestner, vice-president of the Senate, at the beginning of 1896. Then it was taken up by Émile Zola, the world-known novelist, in his famous open letter to President Faure, "J'accuse." Commandant Esterhazy had been charged with being the real author of the "bordereau" upon which Dreyfus had been sentenced. The General Staff had sent him before a court martial, in the hope of quieting public opinion, and the commandant had been acquitted. Then Zola wrote, "I accuse the first court martial [that which sentenced Dreyfus] of having condemned a man on a document which was not shown to him, and I accuse the second court martial [that which acquitted Esterhazy] of having covered this illegality, by order, and committing in its turn the judicial crime of knowingly acquitting a guilty person." Then it was Zola's turn to be made the scapegoat of the General Staff. He was indicted as guilty of having libelled the members of the courts-martial, and, together with the administrator of Clémenceau's paper *L'Aurore*, in which the letter "J'accuse" had been published, he was sentenced to one year's imprisonment and a fine of 3000 francs. Zola appealed from that judgment of the Paris court, and he was sent back before the Versailles court, which reaffirmed the sentence, and the novelist fled to Switzerland to avoid a useless stay in prison, pending the new appeal he intended to make in the fall, on the reopening of the courts. Soon afterwards there was a change of cabinet in France, and M. Cavaignac, the new Minister of War, proclaimed in the Chamber that, while believing that Dreyfus was guilty, he would institute a rigid inquiry into the whole affair. Esterhazy was arrested anew, and again acquitted; but Colonel Picquart, who was also arrested, succeeded in having placed under the eyes of the ministers the proof that one of the documents triumphantly read in the Chamber by M. Cavaignac, as proving the guilt of Dreyfus, was a forgery perpetrated by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, the agent, or rather the devoted tool, of the General Staff. Colonel Henry wanted to save his chiefs, whose honor was sure to be compromised in the revision trial, and he forged the document above mentioned. But he and his inspirers had forgotten that M. Cavaignac was a man of stern honesty, incapable of using foul means to obtain a justifiable end. He ordered the arrest of Colonel Henry, who committed suicide in his prison. The Minister of War resigned soon after, and it is almost certain that the cabinet will order a revision of the trial of Dreyfus, since there are reasons to believe that the other secret documents which were not submitted to him or his counsel are also forgeries, like the one written by Colonel Henry. The latter's avowal and suicide have suddenly produced a radical change in public opinion in France. Newspapers and people who formerly proclaimed that Dreyfus was guilty, and that his partisans, called the Dreyfusists, wanted to surrender France to the practical domination of Germany and the German Jew financiers, have given up that criminal and stupid theory. They are clamoring now for a prompt revision of the trial of 1894, understanding at last that this is the only means to restore to the country the interior peace which has been so violently disturbed, especially during the last two years.

FELIX AUCAIGNE.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE League for Social Service, which was incorporated at Albany the other day, has for its general purpose to educate public opinion, defeat or procure legislation affecting morals, and procure the enforcement of laws relating to public morals by distributing information about what the law is, what it should be, and what is going on that needs attention from reformers. Among the incorporators are Dr. Josiah Strong, Mr. Albert Shaw, of the *Review of the Reviews*, Mr. Spencer Trask, and Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster. The Advisory Council includes Bishop Huntington, Bishop Potter, Dr. Parkhurst, Messrs. R. F. Cutting, R. W. Gilder, Bishop Vincent, Dr. E. E. Hall, Dr. R. S. Storrs, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Miss Jane Addams, Dr. Washington Gladden, and others.

Mr. James S. T. Stranahan, who died at Saratoga on September 3, has been popularly known for twenty-five years past as "the first citizen of Brooklyn." His greatest distinction is that he was the father of Prospect Park. He began to work for it in 1860, and from that time until 1882 he was president of the Brooklyn Park Commission. A bronze statue of him, by Frederick Macmonnies, was erected in Prospect Park in 1891, the cost being met by popular subscription.

Mr. Stranahan was born ninety years ago in Peterboro, Madison County, New York. He grew up a farmer's boy, got what education he could, and presently taught school. Gerrit Smith was the magnate of Peterboro, and a capitalist, and helped Stranahan in an enterprise to develop the town of Florence. The scheme succeeded, and one result of it was that Mr. Stranahan represented the town from 1838 to 1840 in the Assembly.

After spending four years in Newark, he came, in 1844, to Brooklyn, where he began activities as a railroad contractor, but presently bent himself to the development of the water-front, and founded the system of what is now the Atlantic Dock Company. He took hold hard in Brooklyn. Four years after he came there he was elected alderman. In 1854 he went to Congress, and served one term. In 1858 he became a police commissioner, and in 1860 and 1864 he was a delegate to the Republican conventions that nominated Lincoln. For ten years from 1875 he was a Brooklyn Bridge trustee, and, generally speaking, whatever greatly concerned Brooklyn concerned him also.

An unusual tribute, and one to be commended, is the bronze tablet which is to be set up at Fort Thomas, Cincinnati, in honor of the gallant behavior of the Sixth United States regular infantry at San Juan. The regulars go from post to post, and belong neither to State nor city, but the Sixth Infantry, which went to the war from Cincinnati, had been stationed for six years near that city, and was well known and much liked there. When it marched away, all Cincinnati cheered; and after it had gone, Cincinnati followed its record. The Sixth's loss in the assault of San Juan hill was greater than that of any regiment except the Sixteenth. Cincinnati lamented, but was proud of its regulars, and the memorial tablet being suggested, the money for it was promptly raised by the Chamber of Commerce. The action taken has few precedents, if any, and is all the better for that.

The camp news in the papers is very entertaining. It abounds in gossip, for one thing, and gossip of a lively quality. It abounds also in short stories of individual soldiers and officers; of good behavior and bad behavior, kindness, efficiency, and their contraries. It includes daily, without much doubt, a considerable number of edifying libels. It is handier to report than the war news was, and a great many clever reporters and correspondents are busy with it. The newspapers as a whole cover the ground exceedingly well, and some of the more enterprising and able journals offer every day columns of really remarkable camp literature. To be sure, it has too large an element of tragedy, but that does not lessen its attractiveness as literature.

The chief topics just now are the condition of the sick and the movements of the regiments that are being mustered out. Undoubtedly the sick are getting much better care than a fortnight ago, and conditions everywhere are improving. If we could only keep up a great army long enough, we should learn in time how to do it. But there, or thereabouts, is the great trouble about war. To be really good at it, it is necessary to keep in practice, yet the chief end of war is peace, and in time of peace practice is difficult, and to keep the war machinery from rusting is almost impossible. Truly war as a national industry is very perplexing. No country seems satisfied with its cultivation of it. The working-man who plays golf wants, when he begins, to be enough of a golfer to keep in the best condition for work. But if he really becomes interested in golf it presently comes home to him, as matter for cogitation, whether it is really more profitable to be just enough of a golfer to work well, or just enough of a worker to golf well. There must be moderation in one employment if there is to be due efficiency in the other. The attitude of modern nations towards war is somewhat similar. A nation determines to maintain such a degree of military efficiency as shall enable it to do business safely and to advantage, and to hold its own and get rich. Gradually its war preparations tend to absorb the time of its laborers and the profits of its industries, and folks begin to ask whether the army exists for the protection of life and property, or life and property for the maintenance of the army. If any evidence was needed that that point had been reached in Europe, the Czar's invitation to a conference for the regulation of military rivalry would furnish it. No great country on earth is so well situated as ours to work out for itself the problem of the precise degree of military efficiency that it is worth while to maintain in time of peace. So far we have never done it. Every war we have undertaken has seemed to find us more unready than was profitable.

The military man who, next to Colonel Roosevelt, has been fortunate in the reputation he has made out of the war seems to be General Wheeler. He has filled conspicuous places both at Santiago, when General Shafter was sick, and more lately at Camp Wikoff. Being an older man than Colonel Roosevelt, and not put together with the same quality of rivets, he had the bad luck, which Roosevelt escaped, to catch the fever inopportunely at Santiago. Every one knows how resolutely he minimized that disadvantage. All that we heard of him in Cuba, and all we have heard of his labors and reports and observations at Camp Wikoff, have tended to make folks think of him as a truly valuable citizen, wise, active, efficient, a very able soldier, and possessed of an admirable spirit. Wherever we hear of him, he is doing good. Whenever we hear from him, it is something worth attention. It is matter for thankfulness that he is a member of Congress, and that when military and other important measures come up there next winter his voice will be heard and will carry weight. The sympathy of the whole country goes out to him in the loss of his son, Naval Cadet Wheeler, whose death by drowning, while bathing at Camp Wikoff, has just been announced.

The reports of the grave illness of Mr. Bayard have been read with very general concern and regret. Mr. Bayard is not an old man, and it is matter for surprise that his physicians should take so serious a view of his condition. It is not unlikely that the change from an exceedingly active life in London to comparative retirement and lack of occupation at Wilmington has proved unwholesome for him. If that is the case, it is the more to be regretted that his health should have broken down when an able Democrat of diplomatic experience is in special request as a member of the Peace Commission.

Naval officers rarely get into political life in this country. In England they go into Parliament naturally enough if occasion offers and circumstances are favorable, but here they seem to stick to the navy until they are retired. A great military reputation is a recognized qualification for political preferment. Washington, Jackson, Taylor, and Grant became Presidents, and McClellan, Hancock, and other generals were candidates, but was there ever an admiral who got votes in a presidential convention? Dewey has gathered, by all odds, the biggest reputation our latest war has yielded. He not only attended to his professional business with efficiency and despatch, but the temper and discretion of his subsequent behavior have brought him prodigious credit. Still, no one seems to be talking of Dewey for President. After all, though, for a man of his distinction it would have to be that or nothing. There is no other office in the gift of the American people which would be likely to tempt an officer of high rank and mature years in the army or navy to resign, unless he had a private fortune.

It is a pleasure to commend to the attention of all sensible and discerning persons the society called Scapa, which has its headquarters in London. Scapa is the contracted form of its title, which in full is the Society for the Correction of the Abuse of Public Advertising. It has honorary members in most civilized countries, and some in the United States. There is one in Utica—Dr. Blumer, the Superintendent of the State Hospital—and the Utica *Press* tells of his successful efforts to get rid of signs that border the road-side between Utica and his summer home at Harts Hill. His testimony is that it was not difficult; that the owners of the fences and other property which the signs occupied had usually not been consulted by the sign-painters, and were glad to have their belongings freed from defacement. Dr. Blumer's method is to substitute for the signs removed a tin placard forbidding the posting of any more advertisements.

It is worth pointing out that the disfigurement of the rural districts by signs and offensive advertisements is not done by persons who live in the country, but by, or at the instance of, city people, tradesmen and others, who apparently consider that farmers are dull folk anyway, and either won't know that they have been imposed upon, or will be too inert to show resentment. There is no excuse or justification for landscape advertising. It simply represents commercial impudence. The men who promote it are under no restraint of taste or propriety. They will paint or affix any sort of a sign anywhere they dare. It is troublesome to undo their work. It takes time, and the reasonable indignation their outrages excite is wearing to the temper. This vandal industry is particularly active just now. The present paragrapher found advertisements last summer painted in the sheds back of the country church where he has worshipped off and on for nearly half a century, and this year the outside of the high board fence which surrounds the trolley-car company's baseball-ground hard by was smeared with huge advertisements painted in violent colors, to the most direful prejudice of a lovely landscape.

Scapa is a good society. Good luck and many active members to it!

There is urgent need of some method of rewarding naval officers who have won special distinction which shall not incidentally punish their fellow-officers who have been less lucky. At present, when a Clark, a Philip, or an Evans has a chance and makes the most of it, and is advanced several numbers, all that these worthy gentlemen gain is lost by their fellows over whom they are promoted, and whose only fault probably is that the fortunes of war denied them an opportunity equal to their merits. If the men who were passed kept their places there might be no cause for complaint. But they don't. They are put back just as much as their luckier brethren are put forward, their chances of getting high rank before retirement are proportionately lessened, and the rewards that the government orders are given at their expense.

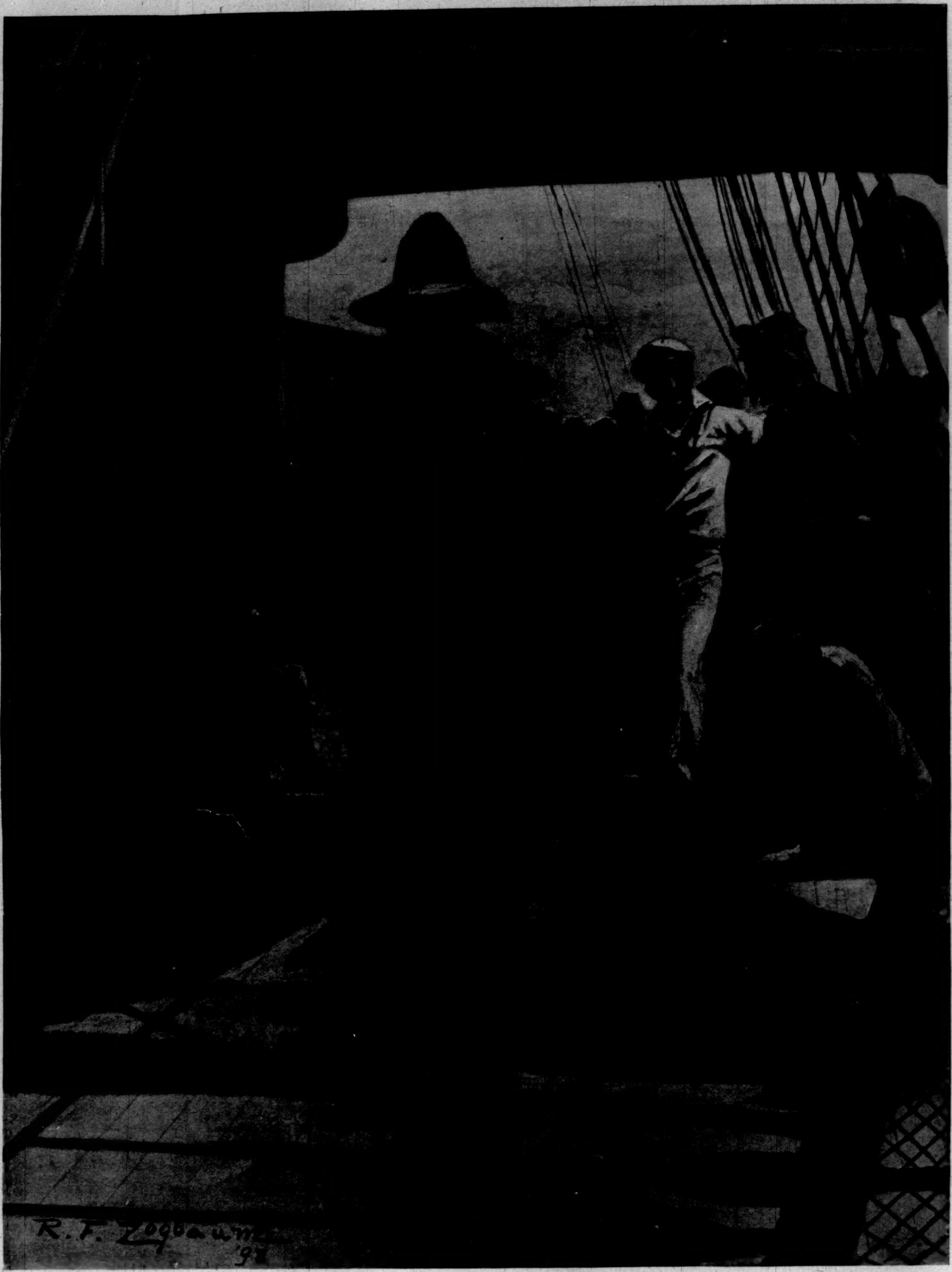
The case of Captain Chester of the *Cincinnati* has been cited in illustration of this evil. He served on the blockade with leaky boilers as long as he dared, until finally, seeing no prospect of a fight, he slipped off to Norfolk for repairs. In his absence Cervera came out. The result is that his reward for faithful and arduous war service is likely to be the loss of five numbers, which probably means that he will be retired with the rank of captain instead of commodore, as would have happened if there had been no war. Officers who have this sort of luck don't like it. Officers whose promotion involves this sort of punishment for their fellows don't like it either, as witness the recent grumblings of Captain Philip at the injustice involved by his own advancement. The Navy Department is dissatisfied too, and it seems likely that when Congress comes to take action on the war promotions some way will be found of curing, or at least alleviating, these hardships.

Mr. Hall Caine has come among us, doubtless for the excellent general reason that it is good to be here, but with some special errands besides. It is reported that he will speak in New York and Washington on the necessity of an Anglo-American alliance. Judging from the number of readers Mr. Caine has in this country, there are many Americans who will be glad to hear his views on that subject. He regards the suggested alliance as a factor of the greatest possible importance in promoting the world's peace. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who is also in this country, is also interested in this subject, but though he is very competent to give information about it to hesitating Americans, it is not known that he will make it a subject of public discourse while he is here. He is very frank, however, in expressing his sentiments to the representatives of American newspapers.

Report says, though not very positively, that the new president of Brown University will be the Rev. Edward Judson, of the Judson Memorial Church, in Washington Square, New York. Dr. Judson is the son of Adoniram Judson, the famous Baptist missionary, and was born in Burmah about fifty-four years ago. He was graduated from Brown in 1865, and for a number of years was professor of Latin and modern languages in Madison University, at Hamilton, New York. Since 1875 he has been pastor of churches in or near New York.

Every Baptist college that wants a president nowadays seems disposed to arrange its bait so as to attract the favorable attention of Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Cornell. The University of Rochester is supposed to have angled pretty hard for him, and his name has often been mentioned in connection with Brown. But Professor Wheeler is difficult, and is apparently indisposed to form new relations unless he is quite sure that they will be satisfactory. We are told that he "holds views of educational matters which are at variance with those accepted at Brown," and is therefore not under consideration by the powers of that institution. That may mean that, although himself a Baptist, he prefers colleges which are not too closely allied with any sect, though it is quite as likely that his belief in coeducation makes him unwilling to cast in his lot with any college which has not a saving infusion of girls.

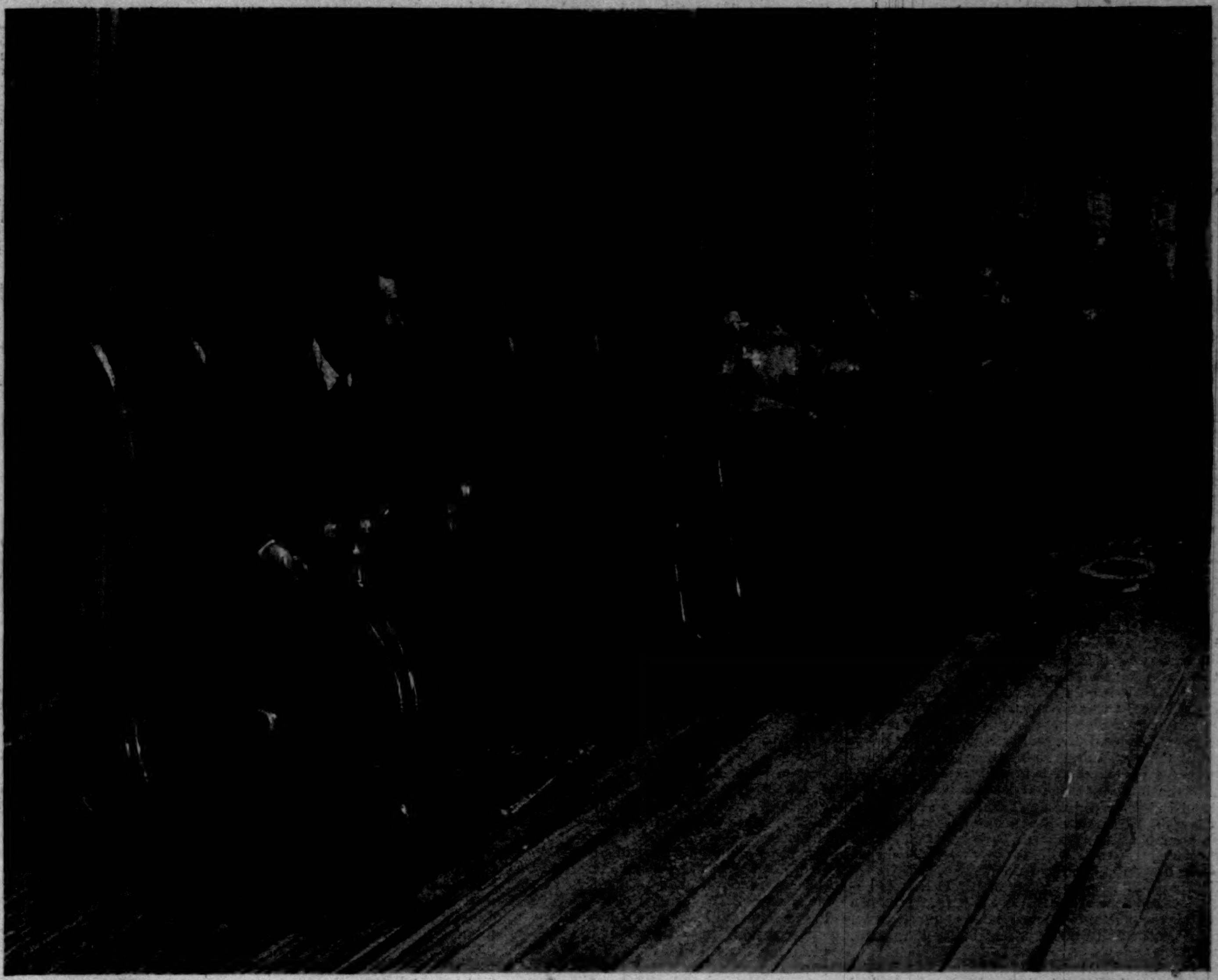
E. S. MARTIN.



ON A HOMEWARD-BOUND TRANSPORT FROM CUBA.

Drawn by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum,

Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with the Fleet.



THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.—ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

XXV.—A MOONLIGHT INTERVIEW.

MRS. ARCHIBALD retired to her cabin, but she did not feel in the least like going to bed. Her husband had long been asleep in his cot, and she still sat by the side of the little window looking out upon the moon-lighted scene; but the beauty of the night, if she noticed it at all, gave her no pleasure. Her mind was harassed and troubled by many things, chief among which was her husband's unfinished sentence in which he had said that he would try to avoid any unpleasantness, but at the same time had intimated that if the unpleasant thing were forced upon him he was ready to meet it.

Now, reason as she would, Mrs. Archibald could not banish from her mind the belief that Arthur Raybold would come to their camp sometime during the next day. In fact, not having heard otherwise, she supposed he had come to the camp fire that night. She was filled with anger and contempt for the young man who was determined to force himself on their party in this outrageous manner, and considered it shameful that their peaceful life in these woods had been so wickedly disturbed. No wonder she did not want to sleep, no wonder she sat at the window thinking and thinking.

Presently she saw some one walking over the open space toward the cabin, and she could not fail to recognize the figure with the long stride, the folded arms, and the bowed head. He passed the window and then he turned and repassed it, then he turned and walked by again, this time a little nearer than before.

"This is too much!" said Mrs. Archibald. "The next thing he will be tapping at her window. I will go out and speak my mind to him."

Opening the door very softly, and without even stopping to throw a shawl over her head and shoulders, Mrs. Archibald stepped outside into the night. Raybold was now at a little distance from the cabin, in the direction of Camp Roy, and was just about to turn when she hurried up to him.

"Mr. Raybold," she said, speaking low and rapidly, "if you possessed a spark of gentlemanly feeling you would be ashamed to come into this camp when you have been ordered out of it. My husband has told you he does not want you here, and now I tell you that I do not want you here. It pains me to be obliged to speak to any one in this manner, but it is plain that no other sort of speech will affect you. Now, sir, I know your object, and I will not have you wandering up and down here in front of our cabin. I wish you to go to your own camp, and that immediately."

Raybold stood and listened to her without a word until she had finished, and then he said:

"Madam, there has been a good deal of talk about knowing ourselves and showing ourselves to others. Now I know myself very well indeed, and I will show myself to you by saying that when my heart is interested I obey no orders, I pay no attention to mandates of any sort. Until I can say what I have to say I will watch and I will wait, but I shall not draw back."

For the first time in fifteen years Mrs. Archibald lost her temper. She turned pale with anger. "You contemptible scoundrel! Go! Leave this camp instantly!"

He stood with arms folded and smiled at her, saying nothing. She trembled, she was so angry. But what could she do? If she called Mr. Archibald, or if he should be awakened by any outcry, she feared there would be bloodshed, and if she went to call Matlack, Mr. Archibald would be sure to be awakened. But at this moment some one stepped up quickly behind Raybold, and with a hand upon his shoulder, partly turned him around.

"I think," said the bishop, "that I heard this lady tell you to go. If so, go."

"I did say it," said Mrs. Archibald, hurriedly. "Please be as quiet as you can, but make him go."

"Do you hear what Mrs. Archibald says?" asked the bishop, sternly. "Depart, or—"

"Do you mean to threaten me?" asked Raybold.

The bishop stepped close to him. "Will you go of your own accord," he said, "or do you wish me to take you away?"

He spoke quietly, but with an earnestness that impressed itself upon Raybold, who made a quick step backward. He felt a natural repugnance, especially in the presence of a lady, to be taken away by this big man, who, in the moonlight, seemed to be bigger than ever.

"I will speak to you," said he, "when there are no ladies present." And with this he retired.

"I am so much obliged to you," said Mrs. Archibald; "it was a wonderful piece of good fortune that you should have come at this minute."

The bishop smiled. "I am delighted that I happened here," he said. "I heard so much talking this evening that I thought I would tranquillize my mind by a quiet walk by myself before I went to bed, and so I happened to see you and Raybold. Of course I had no idea of intruding upon you, but when I saw you stretch out your arm and say 'Go!' I thought it was time for me to come."

"I feel bound to say to you," said Mrs. Archibald, "that that impertinent fellow is persisting in his attentions to Miss Dearborn, and that Mr. Archibald and I will not have it."

"I imagined that the discussion was on that subject," said the bishop, "for Mr. Clyde has intimated to me that Raybold has been making himself disagreeable to the young lady."

"I do not know what we are going to do," said Mrs. Archibald, reflectively; "there seems to be no way of making an impression upon him. He is like his sister—he will have his own way."

"Yes," said the bishop, with a sigh, "he is like his sister. But then one might thrash him, but what can be done with her? I tell you, Mrs. Archibald," he said, turning to her earnestly, "it is getting to be unbearable. This whole evening, ever since you left the camp fire, she has been talking to me on the subject of mental assimilation—that is, the treatment of our ideas and thoughts as if they were articles of food—intellectual soda biscuit, or plum pudding, for instance—in order to find out whether our minds can digest these things and produce from them the mental chyme and chyle necessary to our intellectual development. The discourse was fortunately broken off for to-night, but there is more of it for to-morrow. But I really cannot stand it."

"I wouldn't stand it," said Mrs. Archibald. "Can't you simply go away and leave her when she begins in that way?"

The bishop shook his head. "No," he said, "that is impossible. When those beautiful eyes are fixed upon me I cannot go away. They charm me and they hold me. Unless there is an interruption, I must stay and listen. The only safety for me is to fly from this camp. At last," he said, smiling a little sadly, "I am going to go. I did not want to do this until your camp broke up, but I must."

"And you are really going to-morrow?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "I have positively decided upon that."

"I am sorry to hear it," she said. "Good-night."

When Mrs. Archibald entered her cabin she found her husband sleeping soundly, and she again sat down by the window. There was no such thing as sleep for her; her mind was more tossed and troubled than it had been before she went out. The fact that the bishop was going away made the matter worse, for just as she had found out that he was willing to help her, and that he might be able to keep Raybold away from them without actual violence—for she saw that the young boaster was afraid of him—he had told her he must leave; and in her heart she did not blame him. With great fear and anxiety she looked forward to the morrow.

It was about two o'clock when Mrs. Archibald suddenly arose from her seat by the window and lighted a candle. Then she pulled down the shades of the windows, front and back, after which she went to her husband's cot and put her hand upon his shoulder.

"Hector," said she, "wake up."

In a moment Mr. Archibald was staring at her. "What is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Are you sick?"

"No," said she, "but I have something very important to say to you. I want you to get up and go away with me, and take Margery."

Mr. Archibald sat up in bed. He was now in full pos-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

session of his senses. "What!" said he, "elope? And where to?"

"Yes," said she, "that is exactly what I mean, and we will go to Sadler's first, and then home."

"Do you mean now?" said he.

"Yes—that is, as soon as it is light," she replied.

"Are you positively sure you are awake, Harriet?" asked Mr. Archibald.

"Awake!" she said. "I have not been asleep to-night. Don't you see I am dressed?" And she drew a chair to the bedside and sat down. "I know more about what is going on than you do, Hector," she said, "and I tell you if we stay any longer in this camp, there is going to be great trouble. That young Raybold pays no attention to what you said about keeping away from us. He comes here when he pleases, and he says he intends to come. I asked you to take a walk with me this evening because I saw him coming to the camp fire and I knew that you would resent it. To-night I saw him walking up and down in front of our cabin, and I believe he intended to try to speak to Margery. I went out to him myself, and he was positively insulting. If the bishop had not happened to come up, I believe he would have staid here and defied me. But he made him go. And now that you know this, Hector, there is bound to be trouble between you and that young man, and I do not want that. And, besides that, there is his sister; she is as determined to preach as he is to speak to Margery. The bishop says he can't stand her any longer, and he is going away to-morrow, and that will make it all the worse for us—especially for you, Hector. I cannot endure this state of things; it has made me so nervous I cannot get to sleep; and, besides, it is not right for us to keep Margery where she must be continually guarded from such a man. Now it may seem foolish to run away, but I have thought over the matter for hours and hours, and it is the only thing to do; and what is more, it is very easy to do. If we announce that we are going, we will all go, and the chief cause of quarrels and danger will go with us. I know you, Hector; you will not stand his impertinence.

"It will be daylight between three and four o'clock, and we three can start out quietly and have a pleasant walk to Sadler's. It is only four miles, and we can take our time. We need not carry anything with us but what we choose to put in our pockets. We can pack our bags and leave them here, and Mr. Sadler will send for them. When we get there we can go to bed if we like, and have time enough for a good sleep before breakfast, and then we can take the morning stage and leave this place and everybody in it. Now please don't be hasty and tell me all this is foolish. Remember, if you stay here you have a quarrel on your hands, and I shall have hours of misery until that quarrel is settled; and no matter how it is settled, things will be disagreeable afterwards."

"Harriet," said Mr. Archibald, suddenly twisting himself so that he sat on the side of the bed, "your idea is a most admirable one. It suits me exactly. Let us run away. It is impossible for us to do anything better than that. Have you told Margery?"

"No," she answered, "but I will go to her now."

"Be quick and quiet, then," said her husband, who had now entered fully into the spirit of the adventure; "nobody must hear us. I will dress, and then we will pack."

"Margery," said Mrs. Archibald, after three times shaking the sleeping girl, "you must get up. Your uncle and I are going away, and you must go with us."

Margery turned her great eyes on Mrs. Archibald, but asked no questions.

"Yes," said Mrs. Archibald; "we cannot stay in this camp any longer, on account of Mr. Raybold and various other things. Matters have come to a crisis, and we must go; and more than that, we must slip away so that the others may not go with us."

"When?" asked Margery, now speaking for the first time.

"As soon as it is daylight."

"So soon as that?" said the girl, a shadow on her brow which was very plain in the light of the candle which Mrs. Archibald had brought with her. "Surely not before breakfast?"

"Margery," said Mrs. Archibald, a little sharply, "you do not seem to understand—you are not awake; we must start as soon as it is light. But we cannot discuss it now. We are going, and you must go with us. You must get up and pack your things in your bag, which we shall send for."

Suddenly a light came into Margery's eyes and she sat up. "All right," said she; "I will be ready as soon as you are. It will be jolly to run away, especially so early in the morning," and with that she jumped out of bed.

XXVI.—AN ELOPEMENT.

A little more than an hour after Mrs. Archibald had made known her project to her husband the three inhabitants of the cabin stole softly out into the delicate light of the early dawn.

Mr. Archibald had thought of leaving a note for Matlack, but his wife had dissuaded him. She was afraid that the wrong person might get hold of it.

"When we are safely at Sadler's," she said, "we can send for our bags, with a note to Matlack. It will not matter then who knows." She had a firm belief in the power of the burly keeper of the inn to prevent trouble on his premises.

With careful but rapid steps the little party passed along the open portion of the camp, keeping as far as possible from the tent wherein reposed Corona and Mrs. Perkenpine, and soon reached the entrance of the wood road. Here it was not quite so light as in the open, but still they could make their way without much trouble, and after a few minutes' walking they felt perfectly safe from observation, and slackening their pace, they sauntered along at their ease.

The experience was a novel one to all of them; even Mr. Archibald had never been in the woods so early in the morning. In fact, under these great trees it could scarcely be said to be morning. The young light which made its uncertain way through the foliage was hardly strong enough to cast a shadow, and although these woodland wanderers knew that there was a roadway in which they were walking, that great trees stood by on each side of them, with the branches thrust out over their heads, and that there were bushes and vines and here and there a moss-covered rock or a fallen tree, they saw these things not clearly and distinctly, but as through a veil. But there was nothing uncertain about the air they breathed; full of the moist aroma of the woods, it was altogether different from the noonday odors of the forest.

Stronger and stronger grew the morning light, and more and more clearly perceptible became the greens, the browns, and the grays about them. Now the birds began to chatter and chirp, and squirrels ran along the branches of the trees, while a young rabbit bounced out from some bushes and went bounding along the road. This early morning life was something they had not seen in their camp, for it was all over before they began their day. There was a spring by the road-side, which they had noticed when they had come that way before, and when they reached it they sat down and ate some biscuit which Mrs. Archibald had brought with her, and drank cool water from Mr. Archibald's folding pocket-cup.

The loveliness of the scene, the novelty of the experience, the feeling that they were getting away from unpleasant circumstances, and in a perfectly original and independent fashion, gave them all high spirits. Even Mrs. Archibald, whose sleepless night might have been supposed to interfere with this morning walk, declared herself as fresh as a lark, and stated that she knew now why a lark or any other thing that got up early in the morning should be fresh.

They had not left the spring far behind them when they heard a rustling in the woods to the right of the road, and the next moment there sprang out into the open, not fifty feet in front of them, a full-grown red deer. They were so startled by this apparition that they all stopped as if the beautiful creature had been a lion in their path. For an instant it turned its great brown eyes upon them, and then with two bounds it plunged into the underbrush on the other side of the road. Mrs. Archibald and Margery had never before seen a deer in the woods.

The young girl clapped her hands. "It all reminds me of my first night at the opera," she cried.

Two or three times they rested, and they never walked rapidly, so that it was after five o'clock when the little party emerged into the open country and approached the inn. Not a soul was visible about the premises, but as they knew that some one would soon be stirring, they seated themselves in three arm-chairs on the wide piazza to rest and wait.

Peter Sadler was an early riser, and when the front hall door was open he appeared thereat, rolling his wheeled chair out upon the piazza with a bump—though not with very much of a bump, for the house was built to suit him and his chair. He did not take his usual morning' roll upon the piazza, for, turning his head, he beheld a gentleman and two ladies fast asleep in three great wicker chairs.

"Upon my soul!" he exclaimed. "If they ain't the Camp Robbers!" At this exclamation they all awoke.

Ten minutes after that the tale had been told, and if the right arm of Mr. Sadler's chair had not been strong and heavy it would have been shivered into splinters.

"As usual," cried the stalwart Peter, "the wrong people ran away. If I had seen that bicycle man and his party come running out of the woods, I should have been much better satisfied, and I would have thought you had more spirit in you, sir, than I gave you credit for."

"Oh, you mistake my husband altogether," cried Mrs. Archibald. "The trouble with him is that he has too much spirit, and that is the reason I brought him away."

"And there is another thing," exclaimed Margery. "You should not say Mr. Raybold and his party. He was the only one of them who behaved badly."

"That is true," said Mrs. Archibald. "His sister is somewhat obtrusive, but she is a lady, gentle and polite, and it would have been very painful to her and as painful to us had it been necessary to forcibly eject her brother from our camp. It was to avoid all this that we—"

"Eloped," interjected Mr. Archibald.

The good Peter laughed. "Perhaps you are right," said he. "But I shall have a word with that bicycle fellow when he comes this way. You are an original party, if there ever was one. First you go on somebody else's wedding-journey, and then you elope in the middle of the night, and now the best thing you can do is to go to bed. You can have a good sleep and a nine-o'clock breakfast, and I do not see why you should leave here for two or three days."

"Oh, we must go this morning," said Mrs. Archibald, quickly. "We must go. We really cannot wait until any of those people come here. It makes me nervous to think about it."

"Very good, then," said Peter. "The coach starts for the train at eleven."

Mrs. Archibald was a systematic woman, and was in the habit of rising at half past seven, and when that hour arrived she awoke as if she had been asleep all night. Going to the window to see what sort of a day it was, which was also her custom, she looked out upon the lawn in front of the house, and her jaw dropped and her eyes opened. There she beheld Margery and Mr. Clyde strolling along in close converse. For a moment she was utterly stupefied.

"What can this mean?" she thought. "How could they have missed us so soon? We are seldom out of our cabin before eight o'clock. I cannot comprehend it!" And then a thought came to her which made her face grow pale. "Is it possible," she said to herself, "that any of the others have come? I must go immediately and find out."

In ten minutes she had dressed and quietly left the room.

When Margery saw Mrs. Archibald descending the piazza steps, she left Mr. Clyde and came running to meet her.

"I expect you are surprised to see him here," she said, "but I intended to tell you and Uncle Archibald as soon as you came down. You see, I did not at all want to go away and not let Mr. Clyde know what had become of me, and so, after I had packed my bag, I wrote a little note to him and put it in a biscuit-box under a stone not far from my window, which we had arranged for a post-office just the day before."

"A post-office!" cried Mrs. Archibald.

"Yes," said Margery. "Of course there wasn't any need for one—at least we did not suppose there would be—but we thought it would be nice; for, you know, we are engaged."

"What!" cried Mrs. Archibald. "Engaged? Impossible! What are you talking about?"

"Yes," said Margery, "we are really engaged, and it was absolutely necessary. Under ordinary circumstances this would not have happened so soon, but as things were it could not be delayed. Mr. Clyde thought the matter over very carefully, and he decided that the only way to keep me from being annoyed and frightened by Mr. Raybold was for him to have the right to defend me. If he told Mr. Raybold I was engaged to him, that of course would put an end to that young man's attentions. We were only engaged yesterday, so we haven't had any time to tell anybody, but we intended to do it to-day, beginning with you and Uncle Archibald. Harrison came over early to the post-office, hoping to find some sort of a note, and he was wonderfully astonished when he read what was in the one I put there. I told him not to say anything to anybody, and he didn't, but started off for Sadler's immediately, and came almost on a run, he says, he was so afraid I might go away before he saw me."

"Margery," exclaimed the elder lady, tears coming into her eyes as she spoke, "I am grieved and shocked beyond expression. What can I say to my husband? What can I say to your mother? From the bottom of my heart I wish we had not brought you with us; but how could I dream that all this trouble would come of it?"

"It is indeed a very great pity," said Margery, "that Mr. Clyde and I could not have been engaged before we went into camp; then Mr. Raybold would have had no reason to bother me, and I should have had no trouble with Martin."

"Martin!" cried Mrs. Archibald. "What of him?"

"Oh, he was in love with me too," replied the young girl, "and we had talks about it, and I sent him away. He was really a young man far above his station, and was doing the things he did simply because he wanted to study nature; but of course I could not consider him at all."

"And that was the reason he left us!" exclaimed Mrs. Archibald. "Upon my word, it is amazing!"

"Yes," said Margery; "and now don't you see, Aunt Harriet, how many reasons there were why Mr. Clyde and I should settle things definitely and become engaged? Now there need be no further trouble with anybody."

Distressed as she was, Mrs. Archibald could not refrain from smiling. "No further trouble!" she said. "I think you would better wait until Mr. Archibald and your mother have heard this story before you say that."

Mr. Archibald was dressing for breakfast when his wife told him of Margery's engagement, and the announcement caused him to twirl around so suddenly that he came very near breaking a looking-glass with his hair-brush. He made a dash for his coat. "I will see him," he said, and his eyes sparkled in a way which indicated that they could discover a malefactor without the aid of spectacles.

"Stop!" said his wife, standing in his way. "Don't go to them when you are angry. We have just got out of trouble, and don't let us jump into it again. If they are really and truly engaged—and I am sure they are—we have no authority to break it off, and the less you say the better. What we must do is to take her immediately to her mother, and let her settle the matter as best she can. If she knows her daughter as well as I do, I am sure she will acquit us of all blame."

Mr. Archibald was very indignant and said a great deal, but his wife was firm in her counsel to avoid any hard words or bad feeling in a matter over which they had now no control.

"Well," said he at last, "I will pass over the whole affair to Mrs. Dearborn, but I hope I may eat my breakfast without seeing them. Whatever happens, I need a good meal."

When Mr. Archibald came out of the breakfast-room, his mind considerably composed by hot rolls and coffee, he met Margery in the hall.

"Dear Uncle Archibald," she exclaimed, "I have been waiting and waiting for you. I hope you are not angry. Please be as kind to us as you can, and remember, it was just the same with us as it was with you and Aunt Harriet. You would not have run away from the camp in the middle of the night if you could have helped it, and we should not have been engaged so suddenly if we could have helped it. But we all had to do what we did on account of the conduct of others; and as it is settled now, I think we ought all try to be as happy as we can, and forget our troubles. Here is Harrison, and he and I both pray from the bottom of our hearts that you will shake hands with him. I know you always liked him, for you have said so. And now we are both going to mother to tell her all about it."

"Both?" said Mr. Archibald.

"Yes," said Margery; "we must go together, otherwise mother would know nothing about him, and I should be talking to no purpose. But we are going to do everything frankly and openly and go straight to her, and put our happiness in her hands."

Mr. Archibald looked at her steadfastly. "Such ingenuousness," he said, presently, "is overpowering. Mr. Clyde, how do you do? Do you think it is going to be a fine day?"

The young man smiled. "I think it is going to be a fine lifetime," said he.

The party was gathered together on the piazza, ready to take the coach. The baggage had arrived from the camp in a cart; but Phil Matlack had not come with it, as he remained to take down his tent and settle affairs generally. They were all sorry not to see him again, for he had proved himself a good man and a good guide; but when grown-up married people elope before daybreak something must be expected to go wrong. Hearty and substantial remembrances were left for him, and kind words of farewell for the bishop, and even for Miss Corona when she should appear.

Peter Sadler was loath to part with his guests. "You are more interesting now than ever you were," he said; "and I want to hear all about that hermit business; you've just barely mentioned it."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Archibald, with a solemn visage, "sooner or later Miss Corona Raybold will present herself at this inn on her way home. If you want to know anything about her plan to assist human beings to assert their individualities, it will only be necessary to mention the fact to her."

"Good-by, then," said Peter, shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Archibald. "I don't know what out-of-the-way thing you two will do next, but, whatever it is, I hope it will bring you here."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW WE TOOK WAKE ISLAND.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

ON BOARD THE "CHINA" IN MANILA HARBOR, *July 17.*

On the deck beneath the awning
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning
Ere yet the sun arose.

IT was so hot below that the mattress burned, and we shouldered our bedding and went on deck, where, side by side, we lay, covering the deck like mounds in a graveyard, and watched the lazy swell of the polished sea as the sun came up through muslin puffs of clouds. Slowly the days dragged out their dull monotony. Even drills and sanitary inspections became monotonous in the long-run, and yet how many interesting things there are on board! Go down into the sticky hold, where boxes of the commissary lie. There is everything from tin basins and tooth-brushes to bacon and beans—provisions for 3500 men for six months, each day's rations for one man weighing about four pounds, a total of 2,520,000 pounds of regular rations alone in our four ships; one thousand rounds of ammunition per man, or 3,500,000 rounds in all. And then up on deck again to watch the men—"my men," says the old gray-haired captain of regulars, who has been a lieutenant for twenty-one years and knows his tactics and army regulations by heart, and, when any doubtful point comes up, is always consulted. "The boys," says the beardless young captain who is out on an adventurous lark, and has made up his mind to fight when the time comes and let the rest slide. He volunteered to fight for his country, and not to be ordered about, he thinks. Oh, my son, what is order and discipline for but to hold men together when the bullets whistle and the bravest man thinks of home? The old gray-haired captain seems to you cold and unpatriotic, but he has had his baptism of fire in the war of the rebellion. He knows what it means, and he will give his orders in the same cool tone when fire chills the heart of all. After days of observation the conclusion forces itself upon one that these particular volunteers of the rank

RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG ON WAKE ISLAND.
General F. V. Greene and Part of Landing Party, July 4, 1898.
Photograph by John F. Bass.

and file are particularly fine volunteers, that their officers are particularly good fellows among good fellows, but that the National Guard system has spoiled them for many months for soldiers.

It is easier to teach a man who knows nothing about the subject how to play the violin than to teach a man who has learned the wrong way, and so it is a mighty hard job to make the social officer of peace-times into a military officer of war-times. It is rather a sad state of things to contemplate, for if we are going into the war business, many a good fellow will pay with his life for the faults of our system! But this is looking into the future, and does not immediately concern our jovial party. All that can be said is that if we ever fight a man of our own size, we will change our methods.

The Fourth of July brought a change, and with the peep of dawn we, nearest of all Americans to the 190th degree of longitude, had the honor, in all probability, of beginning the celebration. Where they came from I do not know, but a few fire-crackers were fired before the officer of the day put an end to this innocent but dangerous amusement.

Down on the horizon a long white line pops up, and the shouts of "Land! land!" break from our ship-weary hearts.

"Wake Island, a coral atoll 19° 11' north, by 166° 33' east," shouts down the captain from the bridge. As we draw near, two open boats are lowered, and General Greene celebrates the Fourth in earnest by raising the American flag on the island. A dreary sun-beaten spot we find it, glistening with white coral and shells, and covered with a sickly growth of low shrubs. This barren waste stretches along for twenty miles. An oblong lagoon, cut from the sea by shallow reefs, over which the waves constantly break, eats its way into the heart of the island. Perhaps this heretofore unclaimed island may some day be used as a telegraph post, or even a coaling station. It lies well on the way to Manila, and therefore has been visited only by a few exploring expeditions and unfortunate castaways. Leaving the stars and stripes to be torn to pieces by indignant gulls, who in flocks fearlessly swept down upon us and pecked at our hats, we returned to the *China.*

We are off again, and as the island gradually fades from sight we examine the queer fish of variegated colors and the six-foot shark the soldiers caught from the ship's side while they waited. Then we turn in to our holiday dinner, and in the afternoon we assemble, and General Greene tells us the soldier's duty in the great and new enterprise into which the United States is entering for the first time—"discipline and obedience, without which an army is only a mob rushing to its own destruction."

ADDRESS BY GENERAL F. V. GREENE
ON STEAMSHIP "CHINA," SECOND PHILIPPINE EXPEDITION.
PACIFIC OCEAN, LONGITUDE 166° EAST, LATITUDE 19° NORTH.
JULY 4, 1898.

Fellow-Soldiers and Comrades,—When Thomas Jefferson wrote the immortal words which you have just heard read, he little dreamed that one hundred and twenty-two years later they would be read in the middle of the Pacific Ocean to an expedition of American soldiers bound to the conquest of a group of islands off the coast of China. Yet the vigor with which Jefferson acted in acquiring Louisiana proves that, were he alive to-day, he would be the first to seize the opportunities which Admiral Dewey's glorious victory in Manila Bay has placed within our grasp; in Jefferson's mind there would be no hesitation as to our duty to hold the Philippines and accept the destiny which has been suddenly thrust upon us.

The Declaration of Independence was a declaration of human rights which at that time were not acknowledged by any government in the world. We gained those rights by our success in the war of the Revolution, and we have enjoyed them for so many generations that we have come to look upon them as a mere matter of course—like the air we breathe or the water we drink. But there are on the earth to-day people to whom such rights as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are unknown. They dream of them as the hope of the future. And it would seem as if it were to be the destiny of the United States, under the guidance of Providence, to bestow upon these less-favored people some measure of those blessings which we have so long enjoyed; to use the vast wealth and power and resources which we have created during four generations of freedom in putting an end to cruelty, oppression, and misgovernment. Some people call this quixotic, and say it is a needless meddling in other people's affairs. But that which buildeth up a nation is not money nor power, but self-sacrifice, devotion to duty, righteousness. And the time has indeed come for us Americans to turn our thoughts from mere material gain to those higher conceptions by which alone man is ennobled and nations are made permanently great.

It was natural and inevitable that in thus righting wrong we should be brought into controversy with Spain, which is the most cruel, vindictive, and treacherous among civilized nations. Some of the colonies which she lost in years gone by, and some which until now she has retained, lie close to our own land, and we were thus familiar with what took place upon them. We remonstrated in vain with her concerning their misgovernment, until nothing remained but to employ force to put a stop to her misdeeds. Upon this mission we are now engaged.

These are the principles upon which this war is waged. It was our privilege as American citizens to consider and pass judgment upon them. Having done so, and having decided to engage as soldiers and thus become the instruments by which these great ends are to be accomplished, it is now incumbent upon us to give our whole thought to our military duties. And the first of these is obedience. The oath which we have taken is to serve the United States and obey the orders of the officers placed over us. This oath is equally binding upon every one in the military service, from the highest major-general to the newest recruit. Each in turn, according to his rank, receives orders from those over him and gives orders to those under him; and upon all rests the same obligation of obedience without question and without hesitation. And upon those who give orders rests the further obligation to see to it that the orders which they give are judicious and proper.

I say then to you, officers, study carefully the needs and requirements of your men; watch constantly everything that concerns their health and welfare—their food, their clothing, their sleeping, their amusements. Do everything that circumstances permit to diminish their hardships and add to their comfort and happiness. And having done this, exact from them at all times prompt and willing obedience.

And to you, men, I say, trust your officers, confide in their judgment, and not only obey their orders, but follow their advice and suggestions. In that way only can be established that bond of mutual confidence and support between officers and men without which an army is merely a mob rushing blindly to its own destruction.

War is a serious business. Only those who have seen it can realize what it will be like when we get really into the midst of it. But it brings forth the noblest qualities with which man is endowed—courage, devotion, self-sacrifice. To those who survive, the memory of its hardships and dangers will ever bring a feeling of pride which no other acts of a man's life can produce. And those who fall will have the eternal satisfaction of knowing that by their death they have contributed to the accomplishment of a great result.

Let us go onward, then, to our duty, come what may, in a just cause, confidently relying on the gratitude of our fellow-men, the approval of our own consciences, and the blessing of Almighty God.

On the 5th of July our merry party was saddened by the first and only death on the *China.*

A Spanish gunboat loose about somewhere in the Pacific was seen by the captain of the *Belgic,* and reported to us at Honolulu. Then it did not seem serious to us, but now that we approach the region of supposed danger, every one begins to feel uneasy. General Greene decides that we need some practice in self-defence. We tie our field-pieces to the deck, and Captain Grant, at the head of the Utah battery, the best trained volunteer troops on board, goes at it. The shells pound the water about the little floating target at a three-mile range down to fifteen hundred yards. Nearly every shot goes near enough to hit the side of a gunboat, if the target were one. Next in turn come the infantry, and as the good ship *China*

HOISTING TARGET OVERBOARD FROM TRANSPORT "CHINA."
Photograph by John F. Bass.

turns and twists to give everybody a chance, the cracking of rifle-fire runs fore and aft. It was a good day's work, though somewhat noisy; and considering the bob of the ship, the marksmanship was excellent. At last, with the long shrill whistle of the *China,* the firing was stopped.

Some of the interesting things on board are the schools where one may learn the art of soldiery. Among the engineers one learns how to draw a map, but principally about United States tactics. A study of the latter under the tutorship of an experienced officer in regular service leads one to remember the remark of a veteran Irish captain, who, when asked by his colonel some catch question out of the "tactics," remarked, "Sir, I am neither a monkey or a poll-parrot, but when me leg is in the saddle me brain is pregnant with ideas."

Our tactics have nothing to do with the actual experience of modern warfare, but remain unchanged, regardless of the fact that all the great powers of Europe change their tactics as the experiments of their officers develop the theory of war. So it happens that our soldiers will go into a fight with the same battle formation as that of Persia.

At Guam Island we expected to meet one of the American gunboats sent out to join us. The absence of our expected convoy caused uneasiness, which finally ended about midnight in a scare. Like the rush of water through an open lock the rumor spread through the ship that a Spanish gunboat was sighted off our starboard bow. I rushed up the companionway, and as I passed between the decks a tall lanky volunteer stuck his head through a door and called out in a hoarse whisper, "Cheese it, we're pinched!" Could it be that I was not on the Pacific, but really on the Bowery? However, we met no Spanish gunboat, and steamed safely and jubilantly into the Bay of Manila and up alongside of our brave little fleet at Cavité. The tars gave us a roaring cheer, which we answered with a will, and a few of us who did not wear uniforms jumped into boats and put for the shore.

Cavité seemed to us a paradise indeed, with its great shade trees, its quaint buildings, and the very little natives, with very little clothing, who crowded curiously about. It would take about five able-bodied Filipinos to make one Jimmy Green, of Troy, New York; and yet the quartermaster assures me that five of these thin dwarfs will do as much work as twenty-five of our brawny soldiers. From what I have seen of them, I should say that the native, when he does work, keeps at it with remarkable persistence.

There are many South Sea bubbles, in the shape of imaginary evils that have been told about this place, that need exploding. Mothers at home need not fear for the health of their sons, for the weather is not unbearably hot, and the health of the first expedition is excellent so far.

Yesterday Lieutenant Lazelle of the Eighteenth Infantry, who died on the *Colon,* was buried in the old fort. A more appropriate grave for a soldier could not well be imagined. Overlooking the sea, in a space one hundred yards square, surrounded with ancient battered walls, with old dismounted guns and cannon-balls lying about, the grave was dug. Native men, women, and children in rags of variegated hues crowded the walls. Slowly, with muffled beat of drums, the funeral passed in through the old stone gate. The officers crowded close about the grave, feeling, over their first dead among these strange surroundings, the strong need of standing side by side. Three volleys, and then the trumpeter steps to the open grave and blows for the last time "taps" for his officer.

Tight about the city of Manila binds the line of insurgents, burrowing forward from trench to trench with antlike perseverance. The fighting is said to be at long range, neither side taking any chances, and both sides generally firing wide of the mark, although yesterday I saw a number of insurgents brought in fatally wounded. I have been told that the Spaniards fire their big eight-inch guns at the insurgents' pickets. At any rate, from the little effect produced and the incessant rattle of musketry, I should judge there was an enormous waste of good ammunition.

JOHN F. BASS.

LANDING PARTY UNDER GENERAL GREENE WHICH HOISTED THE AMERICAN FLAG ON WAKE ISLAND JULY 4, 1898.
Photograph by John F. Bass.

"I'VE PLAYED

DRAWN BY A.

ED THIRTEEN!"

Y A. B. FROST.

INSURGENT COLORS.
Photograph by John F. Bass.

FIGHTING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Cavité, Philippine Islands, *July 16.*

For two or three days the firing along the Spanish lines south of Manila had been more than usually heavy. The big guns had been roaring all day as well as most of the night, and reports of all sorts filled the air of the successes of the insurgents. It seemed certain that the Filipinos were driving the Spaniards back constantly, and most of the special correspondents here cabled that as a fact to their newspapers. Then one morning several of us started out together to go to the front and find out just what had been done.

The first obstacle in the way of going to the front is young Mr. Legardo, secretary to General Aguinaldo. Mr. Legardo is a very soft-voiced young man, with a tired *blasé* air, which makes one doubt that he would look around if some one fired a gun just behind his back. Colonel Legardo's principal business seems to be keeping persons from getting what they want. He speaks English very well, with a delicate ladylike manner, and he contrives very skilfully to convey the impression that if his caller only would go away he would begin to catch up his much needed sleep at once. But Colonel Legardo is not sleepy, and somewhere behind the expressionless mask of his face he carries a very lively wit. The information one gets from him is likely to be less than that given in return. They say that an American Indian is never surprised. But no American Indian ever saw Legardo. We went to Legardo for passes to the front. Legardo was curious about the American operations in Cuba. We said 27,000 soldiers had been landed at Santiago de Cuba. "When did you take it?" asked Legardo, with the air of one who regretted that politeness forced him to ask the question. However, at the last we prevailed, and acquired some letters written in the native language, and signed by Don Emilio himself. These letters commanded his faithful followers to permit us to go where we pleased, to guard us well from harm, and, if we were hungry, to feed us.

It was at Parañaque, five or six miles south of Manila, that we presented the passes to General Mariano Noriel, in command of the *Primera Zona de Manila.* Noriel is a bullet-headed young man, with more solidity and solidity than energy. He is a believer in the philosophy of making the "most of what we yet may spend before we too into the dust descend." Lieutenant-Colonel Juan Cailles, Secundo Gabo in the first zone, who was with Noriel, is the active leader in the zone. A slender serious-eyed young man of great energy, with an air of businesslike determination about him, and a tremendous conviction of the wrongs of his people, and an all-absorbing hatred of the Spanish. Noriel and Cailles offered at once to go to the front with us, and we were in great good-humor at the prospect. But we found out that there are other methods of delay than those employed by Legardo. Hospitality is a terrible time-consumer. General Noriel could not think of letting us start to the front without some refreshment, so away we went through half of Parañaque, to the house of a friend of the commander, where soup, it was announced, would be served at once. We sat down to wait, and passed the time by exhibiting our revolvers to the Filipinos. Noriel examined them curiously and with a laugh. Cailles would have taken them to pieces. He wanted to know their make, their cost, and their effectiveness. The new hammerless revolver made his black eyes sparkle with delight. He showed his own old horse-pistol, loaded with cartridges of four different makes, and if hospitality had permitted he would have offered to trade or buy. Little as these fellows have, they would give $50 for one of our revolvers and think themselves fortunate in the bargain.

Soup was served at last; the men sat down at the table, and the women stood around the room and looked on. Noriel made jokes about the rain and took a lesson in English. Cailles was silent or talked of the fighting capabilities of his people and the Spaniards. It made one wonder why Cailles was not the general, and Noriel the commissary; but the Filipinos have no commissariat, and need one.

Soup exhausted the bill of fare, but Noriel had a means of delay in reserve. As we buckled on our revolvers and canteens again, he announced that we must see a cock-fight before we went on. Every Filipino keeps a game-cock, and he sent out at once for several. They came at last, and the battle was fought in the street beneath the windows. They called one cock a Filipino, and offered fabulous bets on him, and laughed and cheered when he killed the antagonist they had dubbed Spanish, in less than half a minute. Noriel cheered the winner. Cailles showed us how the Filipinos fight with sword and bolo, using the long blade right-handed for guard, and the short one left-handed for killing.

Then the carromattas came, loose-jointed, tough-springed, stout-axled two-wheeled carts—a cross between a liver-regulator and a jaunting-car. Little scraps of ponies, eight hands high and half a thousand pounds in weight, dragged us, two in each crazy cart, at a bone-cracking speed over roads full of mud and ruts, three miles and a half to Priseda, Noriel's headquarters in the field. The ride had restored Noriel's appetite, and he must have dinner before we could proceed. So, while we questioned a Spanish deserter who had come in the day before, Noriel sent an aide to warn some friend to prepare a feast. The Spaniard told a long story, the burden of which was that Manila was in desperate straits, and that the Germans were helping the Spaniards in many ways. But all that we knew.

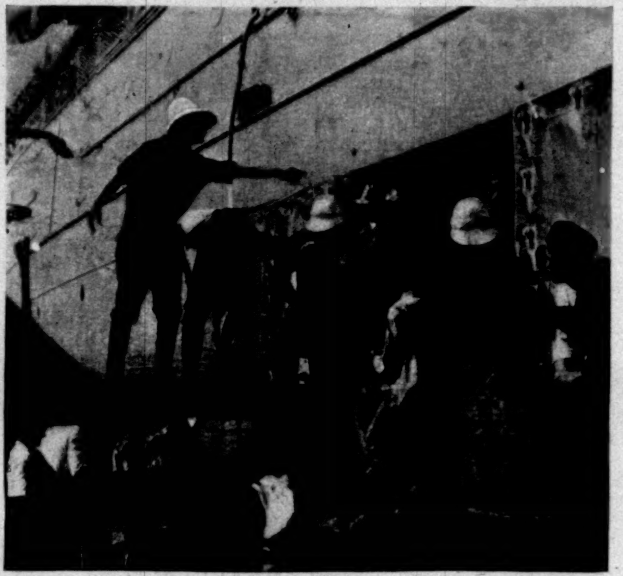
At last dinner was announced, and we hurried to the house, for the afternoon was drawing on toward its half-way mark, and the front was yet a long way in the front. This time it was a full meal—meat with garlic, garlic with chickens, liver and garlic, and rice with coconut oil, all scooped out on our plates by the deft fingers of a woman who served the meal. It came to an end at last, and we got back to headquarters. Then Noriel announced that, after all, it was too dangerous to go to the front. The Americans might get hurt, and that would lead to unpleasant complications. To give weight to his argument, a boy came in from somewhere near the trenches shot through the left hand. We insisted that the risk was ours, and finally Noriel yielded.

Carromattas again, and a mile more of dreadful shaking up. Then a cross-roads hamlet, a dozen native huts, and across our road a barricade with two old 8-inch smooth-bores, dragged from Cavité with infinite labor and pains by man-power. These guns were destined for the trench which now we could see seven or eight hundred yards beyond. Here Noriel stopped: we could go no farther. Up the road to the trench marched the Filipino soldiers, singly or in little groups, walking along in perfect unconcern, bolt upright. Others were coming out, no one giving the least apparent attention to the possibility of danger from the Spanish fire.

If they could do it we could, and we started on. Noriel protested, but we went. The tops of the bamboos along the road were cut and broken by the Spanish fire, but there were no shot-marks near the ground. Across the road beside the trench there was another barricade. Half-way to it we heard the whistle of bullets above our heads. Then came the roar of a Spanish volley; a second volley followed, and then a third. We listened for the insurgent reply, but there was none. When we got to the barricade the Filipinos were strolling up and down behind their trenches, smoking cigarettes and taking life easy. The trench was three and a half feet wide, and about as deep. The dirt from it had been thrown out in front, making a very respectable breastwork. At intervals pieces of roof thatch had been slung across the trench, one edge resting on the breastwork, the other supported by bamboo poles a foot or so high. Under these make-shift roofs the Filipinos sat on benches or stools, sheltered from the rain, and ate rice or sugar-cane, smoked cigarettes, and whiled away the time. The trench ran two hundred yards west from the road to the beach. Thirty-five yards in front of it a line of bamboos paralleled it. At the beach a cluster of huts stood at its end, and a heavy line of bamboos crossed it at right angles parallel with the beach. This line ran to the Spanish trench, two hundred yards away. For the rest the field was open, with a fine hard turf. The Spanish work was similar to that of the Filipinos, but higher. It was in plain sight all along, except for the one line of bamboos in the insurgent front. Why the insurgents had not thrown up their trench at that line no one could explain. Nor did it appear why they did not advance to it any night, as they could have done with perfect ease. Either side could have used it for an advance, for it was fine cover. But the Spaniards were retreating, not advancing, and Aguinaldo's men were waiting Don Emilio's pleasure.

At the beach the insurgent trench moved forward a little. The beach gave a clean, unobstructed sweep to the fire of both sides. The Filipinos crouched down, and bade us do likewise, and we crouched down to the water's edge. Presently a squad of Spaniards let go at us. The bullets cut through the tree-tops, and whistled by harmlessly. The insurgents grinned, and said, "Alto, alto." More Spanish fire. I looked around, and saw two or three Filipinos standing up with their guns. They were looking for Spanish heads to show above their breastwork. I watched the Spanish line with my glasses, but there was no sign of movement. Several squads fired, but they use smokeless powder, and I could not locate them. The Filipinos said the Spaniards never showed themselves, rising up when they fired only as far as they could without exposure, and letting the rifles go as nearly level as possible, but absolutely without aim. Their contempt for the Spaniards and for Spanish fire was superb. Apparently they had not the slightest thought of danger.

So we got to the front, and saw the Spanish lines, but not the Spaniards, although we heard them. That night we slept at Noriel's Parañaque house, on the floor, with the general snoring beside us; but he gave us *dulce de cocoa* for supper, and we forgave him for everything. Two days later, with Assistant Adjutant-General McCain and Lieutenant Calkins, navigator of the *Olympia*, I went to the front again. This time we went straight out, without seeing Noriel, and lost no time. The smooth-bores were going into position behind the trench that day, and they promised us a great fight "mañana." It came four days later, and when the Spaniards heard the roar of the smooth-bores they ran. Now they are under the guns of Malate, the last fortified outpost of Manila. The insurgents have driven them back over nearly twenty miles of country practically impossible for our men. It is covered with a thick jungle of thorny bamboo and heavy scrub, or filled with paddy-fields, canebrakes, and bean-patches. Whatever the outcome of the insurgent problem here, Aguinaldo has saved our troops a lot of desperately hard campaigning. If now we have to drive the Filipinos back, it will be work that will remind our men of the Modoc war.

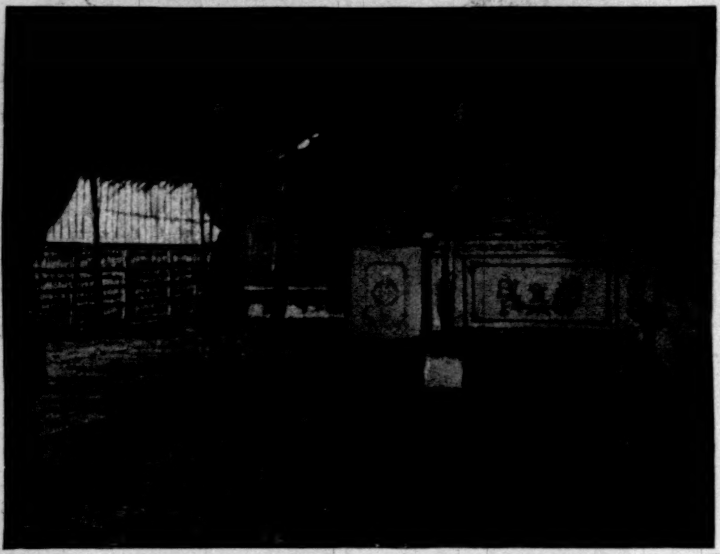


ASTOR BATTERY GOING ASHORE.
Photograph by F. D. Millet.

On this second trip we went back from the beach more than two miles. The insurgents have barricaded every road and foot-path, and every barricade faces a Spanish outwork. The barricades are from a quarter to a half mile apart, but not more than three hundred yards separates the opposing forces at any point. The insurgent works extend clear around Manila, and the Spaniards are completely hemmed in. There is no hope for them but surrender.

The last outpost we saw faced down an open road. The Spanish were in plain view about two hundred and fifty yards away. A dozen of them stood behind their breastwork smoking. Our glasses clearly revealed the little puffs of blue smoke that rose from their cigarettes or cigars. Twenty yards in the left front of our barricade there was the ruin of an old stone house. It was partly concealed by thick undergrowth. As we stood up behind the breastwork to look at the Spanish work, some Spaniard who had crawled into this stone pile let go at us with a Mauser. The first intimation we had that a man was behind the stones was the crack of his rifle. We ducked. We lost no time about it, and used no ceremony. Then we laughed, for of course the bullet was far beyond us before we heard the report. That is the ridiculous part of being shot at. After the bullet is half a mile down the road looking for somebody else you dodge. Fifty or sixty Filipinos set a watch for this fellow, but he got another shot at us without being seen. It was the old Spanish way—up in the air, without exposing the body. But you can dodge just as well for a bad shot as for a good one—better most of the time.

Oscar King Davis.



CHURCH WHERE AGUINALDO TOOK OATH OF OFFICE AS PRESIDENT OF REVOLUTION.
Photograph by John F. Bass.

DEWEY AND VON DIEDERICHS.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Cavite, Philippine Islands, July 18.

Since the Subig Bay business and his interviews with the admirals of the other foreign fleets here, Admiral von Diederichs has had little to say to Admiral Dewey, and they say on the *Olympia* that the German "incident is closed." It is time it were closed; and if it is truly ended, no one will be happier for the satisfactory conclusion than the American admiral whom it has annoyed so much. You have no doubt heard more or less about it for a month, for it has been an "incident" since the German ships first arrived in Manila Bay in May for purposes of "observation." The mid-June papers brought us by the transports of the second expedition, which got in on Saturday, talk gingerly about the attitude of Germany, and seem inclined to think that the actions of a few individuals and merchants should not be taken as representative of official thinking. But in Manila Bay the annoying and discourteous performances have been by officers of the most imperial K. und K. navy, who have been so much interested in their work that they have regretted the fact that the "Prince" is on the *Deutschland*, for it keeps that formidable ship out of the possibly dangerous zone. Prince Henry must be protected, whatever else happens.

The "incident" has been almost as much of manner as of act, and more of omission than of commission. It was conducted with a swagger on the German side that brought up vivid pictures of the young war lord putting half a million of men, more or less, through their paces in the grand manœuvres. On the American side it was managed with a directness and a bluntness characteristic of Admiral Dewey, and cheering to the hearts of the other Americans here. At the first, and for the most part, it has consisted simply of petty violations of Admiral Dewey's blockade regulations, discourteous failure to comply with his requests, lack of punctilious regard for the naval proprieties of the situation. But once or twice—perhaps on more occasions—it has gone further, and then it has met plain language from Admiral Dewey. At last came the Subig Bay affair, and that seems to have been close enough to war to satisfy the Germans, at least temporarily.

It is the American right, as the blockading power, to know the identity and business of every ship that enters Manila Bay. The fact that a ship is a war-vessel and flies the German flag is not proof that she is German, for it is recognized by international law as legitimate to fly what colors one chooses until cleared for action. When the American ships went in at Guam, they were ordered by Captain Glass to fly the Japanese colors or none. In pursuance of his custom with regard to incoming vessels, Admiral Dewey had occasion to speak or signal to the German war-ships somewhat frequently. They have moved about the bay more than all the other foreigners combined. Every ship of the seven Germans on the China station, except the *Deutschland*, has been here, most of them for the greater part of the time. They have divided their stay between the anchorage, just off Manila, occupied by all the foreign war-ships and the refugee vessels, and Mariveles Bay, on the mainland of Luzon, just opposite Corregidor Island. There has been much more going back and forth between the two places than was necessary for the mere purposes of "observation," though it facilitated one bit of observation which was little less than impertinence, to say the least. That was when the troop-ships of the first brigade came in. The big cruiser *Kaiserin Augusta* got her anchor as the transports passed Mariveles Bay, and followed them in so closely that her name could be read from the troop-ships. As they drew up to the fleet, she broke out the colors and saluted, although she had already saluted with twenty-one guns on her first arrival.

There had been some correspondence between the two admirals with reference to the actions of both, and von Diederichs protested against what he intimated was interference with his boats. He had been moving launches about the bay after sundown, in spite of Admiral Dewey's regulation prohibiting movement of boats after dark. Lights are out on the American ships soon after dark, and a very strict watch and patrol are kept. One German launch was held up by a search-light, and kept in its glare for more than an hour before it was permitted to proceed. Another was shot at from one of our ships. Our patrol-boats, in enforcing the blockade regulations, do not waste much time in questions when they hail a boat at night. If the hail is not answered promptly and satisfactorily, a shot follows it. The only satisfaction von Diederichs got from his protest to the American admiral was the information, in effect, that if German launches or ships violated blockade regulations they must take the consequences.

Stories kept coming to Admiral Dewey all the time that the Germans were landing supplies in Manila. It was reported to both the land and naval commanders here that flour, particularly, had been landed with German connivance. Other stories, from less reliable sources, were to the effect that guns had been landed, and that German officers had helped the Spanish in their preparations for the defence of Manila. No credence was given these latter stories, but there was more than smoke in the reports about supplies. The German consul in Manila was accused openly in the club of knowing that Germans were taking flour into the city. It had been possible to do this because there was no American ship near the foreign anchorage, and the most vigilant search-light practice is ineffective at such distance. Finally the steamer *Petrarch* came in with supplies for the German fleet, and one morning von Diederichs reported that, the night before, a lighter-load of flour had been seized as it was being prepared for landing. Whether any had got away or not did not appear. Both the *Petrarch* and the German merchant in Manila to whom this flour was consigned declared that the German naval officers had had no cognizance of the effort to land supplies.

Matters were not improved by this business, nor were the actions of the Germans modified. It became necessary for Admiral Dewey on one occasion to intimate to the German admiral that apparently he thought Germany was the blockading power here, and not the United States. Von Diederichs made general disclaimer of intention to interfere or to violate neutrality, and the "incident" went on progressing slowly. Then came the Subig Bay affair. The Filipinos had chased the Spaniards out of Subig and Port Olongapo, and they had taken refuge on Grande Island, a little hill about half a mile through, in the entrance of the bay. The insurgents had thrown up a trench on Point Kamayan, a mile away, and were potting at the Spaniards with Mausers. At last the insurgent crew of a coasting steamer up north killed their Spanish officers and turned the ship over to Aguinaldo. He fitted her out with two pieces of boiler pipe to look like guns, and sent her down to Subig Bay with a few hundred soldiers to take Grande Island. The German cruiser *Irene* was lying in Subig Bay. Of what happened when the Filipinos got there, there are two versions. The insurgents came back and reported to Admiral Dewey that the Germans had prevented them from attacking the Spaniards, and forced them to take down their flag and hoist a white one. The admiral sent the *Raleigh* and the *Concord* to Subig Bay that night, with instructions to take Grande Island, whomever they had to fight to do it. They went in the next morning, soon after eight o'clock, and met the *Irene* coming out at full steam. They took the island without a shot from the Spanish, and got nearly 600 Spanish soldiers as prisoners, with Mauser rifles and a great quantity of ammunition. Guns and cartridges were turned over to the insurgents, and they undertook to guard the prisoners for the admiral.

This performance brought from Admiral Dewey a message to von Diederichs to this effect: "Is there peace or war between our countries? If there is war, I want to know it. If there is peace, I want you to change your course." At the same time that he sent this message Admiral Dewey said to the German flag-lieutenant that the Americans were the blockading power, and had the right to make regulations for the enforcement of the blockade. "Violation of these regulations," he said, "means war, and the Americans will so accept it." Then he informed the Germans that if they wanted war they could have it, here and now, or at any time and any place, and the way to make war is to clear ship and go at it. Von Diederichs sent a fairly apologetic reply to the admiral's message and talk. He disavowed any intention of slighting the proprieties, and would accede to the admiral's request for sharper regulations in the German fleet. That was the most friendly note von Diederichs had written, and after he had thought it over awhile he apparently repented, for he sent another, which took a decidedly different tone. In this he made vigorous protest against the "right of search"—*le droit de visite*, he called it. Dewey had never set up claim to such a right; he did claim, and will maintain it, the right of call. That is any blockader's privilege. But von Diederichs twisted this into the right of search, and said he would lay the matter before the other senior officers. He kept his word, and the satisfaction he got has kept him wondering ever since what he had better do next. That is why he is so quiet, and why the "incident is closed."

The closing of the incident must be a relief to some of the younger German officers. One of von Diederichs's pet amusements seemed to be sending them in command of launches to make requests of the American admiral, or report to him, after dark. Several times they were turned back without being able to reach the flag-ship, and once one was stopped by the flag-ship's search-light and held bobbing up and down for an hour and a half before she was permitted to go on. That is both tedious and irksome.

All the time that this German business has been going on Admiral Dewey has been facing the problem of what he will do if the Spanish re-enforcing squadron does happen to come along. He has a lot of soldiers to look out for and transports to guard or convoy, and he has no armor-clads. The Navy Department promised him the *Oregon* before he started out here, and is fulfilling that promise by sending him the *Monterey* and *Monadnock*. It will be a great relief to see the two "flat-irons" come in. With them here, the German incident will be closed indeed, and as for the Spaniards, it will be May day over again.

Oscar King Davis.

THE ASTOR BATTERY ARRIVES OUT.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Cavite, July 30.

The Astor got a first-class initiation into the beauties of Philippine weather. The new artillerymen arrived in Manila Bay in a tremendous rain, and have hardly had a sunlit breath since. They were ordered at once into Camp Dewey, and were taken ashore with the rain falling as if all the reservoirs in the heavens had given way together. It is a slow process landing troops at Camp Dewey. They are loaded first on cascos, the native lighters, at the ship, and towed across the bay by the slow-going *Rapido*, to a point opposite the camp. The cascos draw too much water to get near the beach, and it is a case of wade. That made no difference to the Astors: the sea-water was no wetter than the rain that soaked them through already. The three cascos, with the New-Yorkers and their six guns, were sent as far inshore as they could go, and then overboard everybody went. In spite of the rain, the beach was thronged with soldiers from the regiments already in camp, to see the "dudes" come ashore. The "dudes" would hardly have passed for such on Broadway or Fifth Avenue. In fact, they would not have passed at all on those thoroughfares. They would have disgraced the inside of police patrol wagons, and had free rides to the stations. They were in a state of undress that would have rocked the temples of Founder Bradley's New Jersey paradise from their foundations. But ashore they went, dressed or not, and their goods went with them, and the "beach-combers" cheered the new-comers, and there was a laugh all around. It was no easy matter getting the guns on the beach. A 3-inch mountain Hotchkiss may be a small affair in a big battle, but it is a mountain gun without doubt when it comes to dragging it through a hundred yards of surf. The Astors were equal to the emergency, however, and by night-time they were in camp, under such shelter as rain-soaked tents can give in a soaking rain. Now they are at the front, with their guns in position, less than a thousand yards from the Spanish trenches in front of Malate. The American outposts had been so close to the insurgent trenches that the high Spanish fire occasionally fell among our men. No harm was done by it, however, but there might have been. So General Merritt sent word to Aguinaldo, asking him to stop the insurgent fire in the trenches, as it provoked the Spanish reply. Thereupon the Filipinos were withdrawn from their lines in our front, and our men were sent in, with orders not to begin an action, but to reply to any Spanish fire. As I write this there comes across the bay the reports of guns, which sound as if they were fired from the Spanish fort at Malate, but we cannot tell from here whether the firing is at our men or not, and there is not time to find out before the mail goes. The Astors are supported by two companies of the Third United States Artillery as infantry, and a battalion from one or other of the regiments in Camp Dewey is always in reserve, ready to go in if there is any fighting.

Oscar King Davis.

THE WOLHURST FESTIVAL.

One of the most original of the many entertainments that have been given in all parts of the country in aid of various funds for the soldiers and their dependents was doubtless the festival held by Senator and Mrs. E. O. Wolcott at their country place, Wolhurst, near Denver, on August 27 last. The fête was conducted under the auspices of the Soldiers' Aid Society of Colorado, and fully six weeks' time was devoted to preparation for the event. The spacious grounds of the Wolcott place were decorated with flags and lanterns; booths and tents were erected, as well as a large pavilion for dancing.

On the day and evening of the fête trains were run out to Wolhurst from Denver every fifteen minutes, and people poured in from all over the State on excursion trains. The celebration was more than of local importance. There were all the usual entertainments that are to be seen at fairs and garden parties, with many more besides. There were booths for the sale of every conceivable article by which money could be secured, and for those who were not free with their purse-strings there was a real band of Robin Hood robbers, who attended strictly to their professional duties. One of the chief attractions of the day was a sham battle, in which a company of the Fifteenth regular Infantry, stationed at Denver, routed a much larger force of imitation Spaniards, just as their fellows have been routing the real article in Cuba. Governor Adams was present, as well as most of the prominent men and women of the State. The fête lasted until late in the night, and netted a handsome sum for the relief society.

LAMENT OF SPAIN.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

("Ay De Mi Alhama.")

While my soldiers strove in fray,
Safe in Santiago Bay,
Anchored there our squadron lay—
Woe to me, España!

Then from me the order came—
"Longer thus to lie were shame;
Forward to the feast of flame"—
Woe to me, España!

Madness well the admiral knew;
But his duty to pursue,
His was not to talk, but do—
Woe to me, España!

But it came July the third,
Clear for action was the word,
And the sound their spirit stirred—
Woe to me, España!

Every flag on high appeared,
Every deck for action cleared,
Forth they went the foe to beard—
Woe to me, España!

Moved the squadron fast and free,
Through the channel to the sea—
Not a grander sight could be—
Woe to me, España!

Ah! the foemen watched us well,
And a storm of shot and shell
Fiercely on our vessels fell—
Woe to me, España!

Through the battle fierce and hot,
Quick returning shot for shot,
Every Spaniard faltered not—
Woe to me, España!

Mine were men of dauntless breed;
But the courage of the Cid
Overthrows no fate decreed—
Woe to me, España!

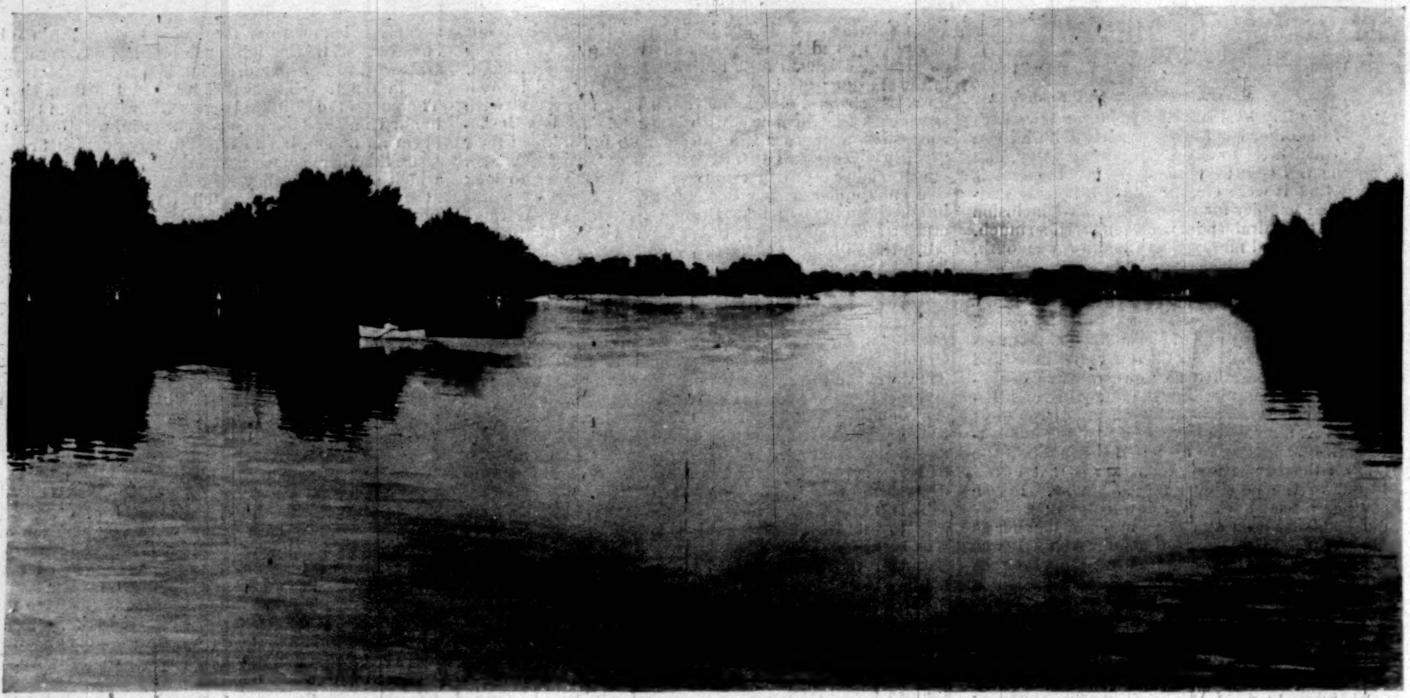
Shrinking not from perils dire,
Stood they in that mass of fire,
Fighting on their funeral pyre—
Woe to me, España!

By the storm of battle sore,
Driven to the rocky shore,
Calm and proud their fate they bore—
Woe to me, España!

Though our star in lustre waned,
Though the foe a triumph gained,
Yet our honor is unstained—
Woe to me, España!

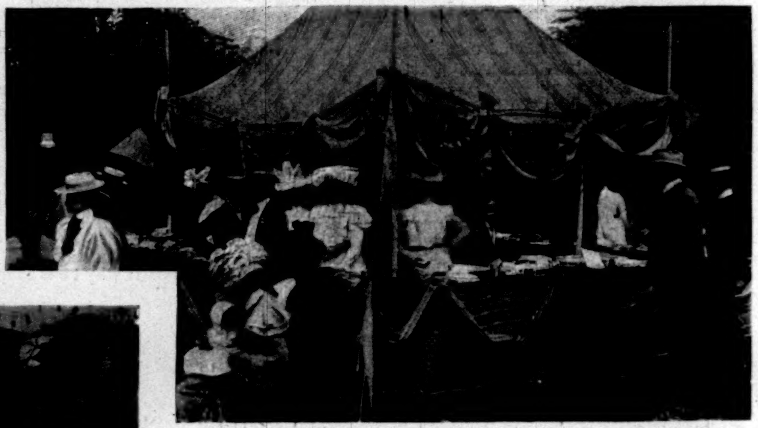
Not o'erborne by many foes,
Sinking not beneath their blows,
Spain shall live in spite of those—
Hope is here, España.

Hope within us never dies;
Phœnix-like shall Spain arise
From her ashes to the skies—
Strong and proud España.

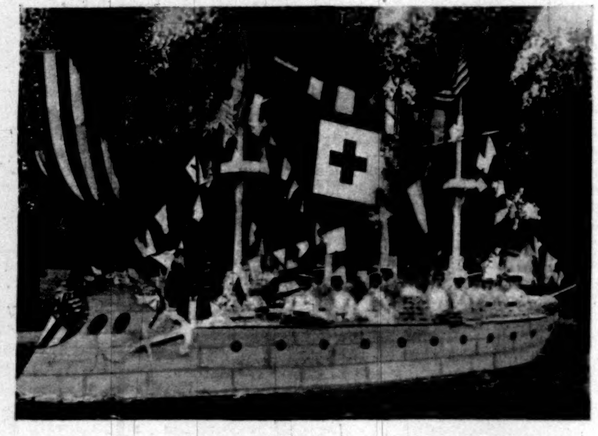


WOLHURST LAKE.

THE MILKMAIDS.



THE CIGAR-BOOTH.



CANDY BATTLE-SHIP "COLORADO."

WOLHURST, LOOKING NORTH.

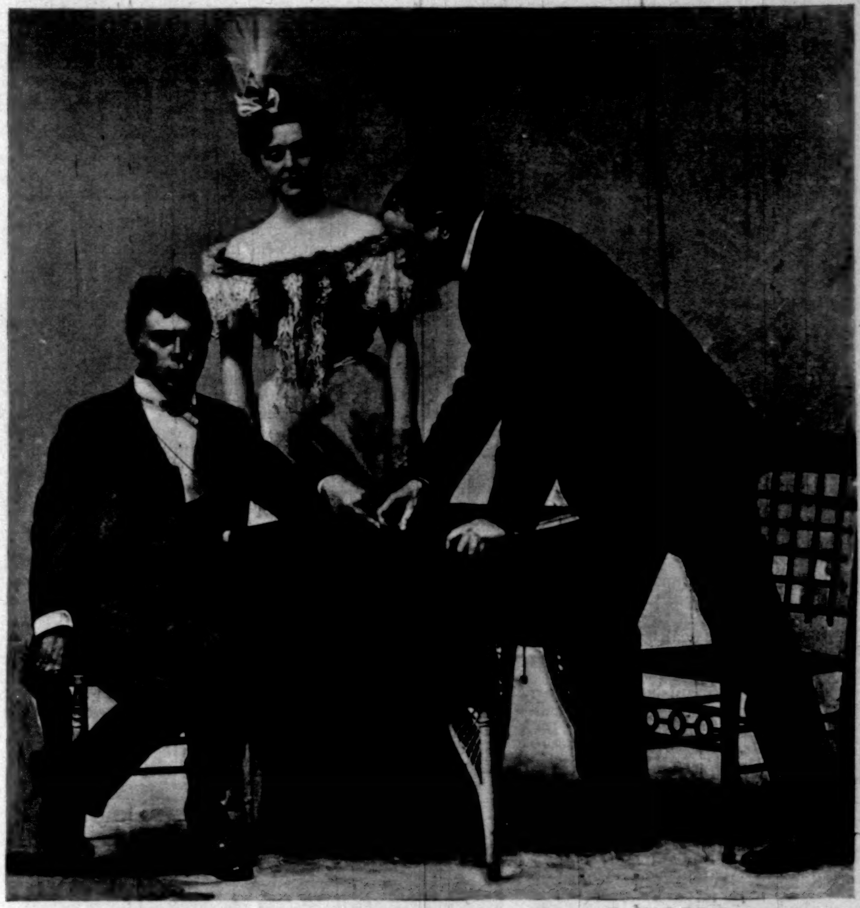
COLORADO REMEMBERS THE SICK SOLDIERS.

Fête in Aid of the Red Cross at Wolhurst, the Home of U. S. Senator Wolcott.—Photographs taken especially for "Harper's Weekly."

[See Page 919.]

Miss Mabelle Gillman. Mr. James Powers.

"ARE YOU THE ONLY GIRL I EVER LOVED, OR ARE YOU AIN'T?"
FROM "A RUNAWAY GIRL," AT DALY'S.—PHOTOGRAPH BY ZAIDA BEN-YÚSUF.



Mr. Stuart Robson. Miss Marie Burroughs. Mr. John E. Kellerd.

THE DIFFICULTY OF HELPING ONE'S FRIENDS OUT OF TROUBLE.—FROM "THE MEDDLER," BY MR. AUGUSTUS THOMAS, AT WALLACK'S.

OPENING OF THE DRAMATIC SEASON IN NEW YORK—SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.

SANTIAGO.

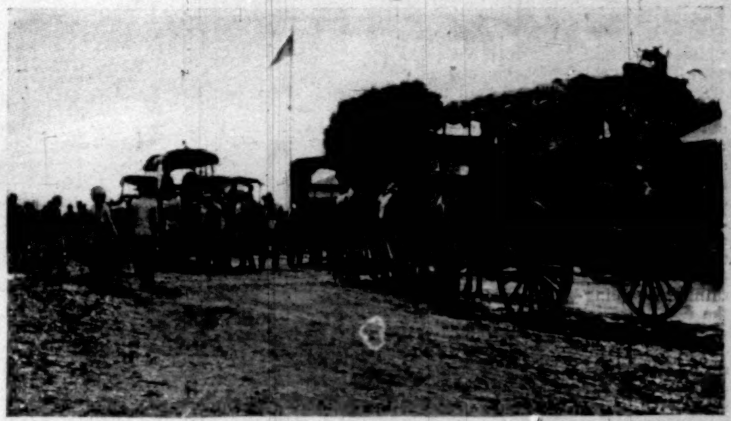
THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD MARTIN, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

SINCE mid-day on the 17th of last July Santiago has been practically an American city. Since our troops entered on that day the fighting has been at an end, and certain officers of the American army have had upon their shoulders the task of governing Santiago as military occupants. Several interesting conditions have arisen consequent upon this new order of affairs, and time and a future historian will show wherein we have done well and wherein we have blundered. It must be remembered that this conquered province and city are not part and parcel of the United States, nor will they so become until we formally and officially declare our intention of annexing the island. Until this time arrives—and the Cuban question will have to be settled before it does—our position in Cuba will be that of military occupants, and distinct and different from the position our country holds in Puerto Rico.

One of the noticeable features of the occupation is the dignified and quiet behavior of both American and Spanish soldiers. Some ten thousand Spaniards surrendered with the city and laid down their arms; about as many more did the same in various parts of the province. One regiment of regular American infantry was quartered in Santiago on the 17th, acting as a city guard. There was practically no disorderly conduct on the one side or the other, no street fighting, and none of the abuses that are sometimes expected when a victorious army occupies a vanquished city.

As the Fifth Army Corps was gradually removed from the province the regiment doing guard duty was replaced by a regiment of volunteers, mostly recruited from Louisiana and Texas, who were supposed to be immune to the climate. That raw recruits should act with the dignity and thoroughness of our regulars could not be reasonably expected. Unfortunately for the splendid record of the men who fought, this new regiment, under Colonel Hood, provoked more disorder than their predecessors ever had to quell, and until such time as General Wood took them strongly in hand, and sent them out of the city, street brawls and drunkenness, disorder and unsoldierly conduct were only too noticeable.



CARRYING SICK SPANISH PRISONERS TO TRANSPORTS IN UNITED STATES ARMY AMBULANCES.

After the surrender the Spanish prisoners were at once moved to a camp north of the city, between the outskirts of Santiago and the first American lines. For two or three days following the 17th they filed over the dusty road and turned into the green fields allotted to them. Their camping facilities were wretched. They were hungry and sick, tired of the weary days in the trenches, tired of living on rice, weary of the long Cuban campaign, for many of them had not seen the Peninsula in several years, and they were one and all inexpressibly glad at the near prospect of returning home. We were besieged with questions: Was it true that we had bought the province of Santiago? So it had been represented to them. Were we really going to pay them all their back salary? Was there any chance for them to enlist in the American army, and were our men really fed on potatoes? An occasional sullen face was seen and an occasional bitter word was overheard from the captives, but a friendly smile and a cheerful

UNITED STATES POST-OFFICE AT SANTIAGO.

SPANISH PRISONERS MARCHING TO TRANSPORTS.

word were repaid in kind whenever offered by the soldiers. This Spanish camp looked more like a vast horde of forlorn men driven to live in the open air than like the encampment of a military body even in stress of actual war-time. Many had no tents, many were without blankets. Food was scarce, drinking-water had to be conveyed from the river in all sorts of inadequate contrivances, and nothing was more sought after than an American canteen. The size of our American horses and their prime condition, as compared with their own, and the strength of our army mules, were unending sources of admiration to the Spaniards, who also vehemently declared it would be impossible for them to campaign for one week in the heavy flannel clothes worn by our men. Measures taken by the Spaniards to procure food for their men were inadequate, and soldiers had to forage for whatever the country would produce—mangoes, small birds, and a few little fish. Rice was here their staple, as it had been in town. The rains were daily, the place was inches deep in mud and filth of all kinds, the odors, as one passed by the camp along the road to Caney, were unbearable, and it is small wonder that General Toral sent a letter to General Shafter in which he reviewed the deplorable condition of his men, and begged that something be done to relieve their growing distress. They were victims of the same malarial fever and dysentery that were among our own troops, but they were without proper medicine and medical attendance. From the time these Spaniards began to receive food from our commissary department their condition was better than it had been for weeks past.

By August 15 the steamers to take these men back to Spain had already begun the work of transportation. It was a good thing when they had all gone; it removed a menace to the city's health and doubtless saved the lives of many of the troops themselves, and no one was more glad for the end than the fever-stricken, half-clothed, half-starved, and vanquished Spanish soldier. For several days these men passed through the city streets to their transports in the bay; then we learned that among themselves their camp north of the city was called the Graveyard. We learned that forty men died there a day, that the bodies were laid out in piles of twenty each, soaked in oil, and burned to ashes because there were too many dead to bury. We heard stories of their suffering, and when we looked at them as they tottered down the streets towards the dock we could believe all we heard. Their sick were carried on improvised litters, the well men—it seemed cruelly cynical to call them so—the well men walked with staffs, and leaning on one another, looking furtively on all sides, afraid of the plunging mules that drew our army wagons through the city—acting as broken men who can do no more. But these are familiar stories; we have seen the Seventy-first on our city streets, we have heard and read much of the sufferings of our own men at sea and ashore. We will probably never hear of the sufferings and fearful agony on those Spanish troop-ships; they will rival the horrors of the worst of the old slavers. It is not intended in any way to make light of what our men suffered on Cuban soil after Santiago surrendered—the writer is too familiar with what occurred there to think of so doing—but it is a fact that the condition of the Spanish troops was far more pitiful than that of our own men. Down one street, one afternoon, slunk the Spaniards; down the next street at the same time was passing a regiment of our colored soldiers, stepping along bravely to their own singing of that war song, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." One had only to walk a short block to see the difference.

During the first days of our occupation the common people treated every American in the city, were he private or commanding officer, with a cringing courtesy that seemed born of a fear of overbearing and ill-used power. Those of the Americans who got into the city accepted this treatment indifferently, and were more engrossed by the curious houses, hilly streets, and prevailing strangeness of Santiago. Every nook and corner that is accessible to a man has seen its American soldier, and the amount spent by our men for relics and souvenirs of Santiago has surely been large. Spanish machetes, revolvers, and knives, old coins, and golden chains from the pawnshops—the men spent freely—mantillas and lace handkerchiefs for the women, and much else besides. They were in from a hard campaign, and thousands of dollars were expended for clothing, boots, and hats. It was remarkable how many Americans developed a working knowledge of Spanish, and how quickly others learned necessary words. As a result of this free spending, and the ignorance of our men in the beginning as to the value of our money over the Spanish silver, storekeepers advanced prices exorbitantly, insisted on payment in gold instead of silver, and reaped a rich harvest as a result. Santiago had not seen such ready spending and so much money in a long time. American bills were plentiful all over town, and they were taken as gold. Some merchants noticed that many of the bills were silver certificates, and these men were a little doubtful as to their value, but upon assurance that American silver was as good as American gold, no distinction was made between the two moneys. In vain did some few of the Americans protest against the open robbery by the stores; the sellers could always find buyers, if not among our soldiers, then among the towns-people, for merchandise of all kinds was scarce and the demands of the city were growing. Food was very dear, and in the beginning not plentiful. There were but few restaurants in operation, and no hotel to afford accommodations to the new arrivals.

The attitude of the better classes towards the Americans was one of indifferent apathy. Many of the richer families had left town, notably for Jamaica, and it will be some time before they return to their native city. The windows of the residences of people of refinement are closed. There is no longer music in the plaza on Sunday evenings, and no gatherings of women and girls to listen and talk. Sunday morning, ladies go to early mass, for then they are not subject to the stares and comments of our soldiers; this is their only venture on the streets during the week. There are many women living in town whom Americans will never see, who will not come out until we have taken ourselves away, but who probably look slyly through drawn lattices as sunburnt and bearded officers ride past their windows, and admit in confidence to a sister that if we were not Americans, we would not be half bad.

The bay of Santiago has been full of our transports. As soon as the harbor was cleared of mines and obstructions, these vessels steamed in from Siboney, Guantanamo, and Baiquiri, three ports to the east, where we had made landings. One day there were thirty of them to be seen, and never before had the inhabitants of Santiago seen so many steamers anchored at the same time in their landlocked bay.

As soon as Santiago fell two things were immediately done—the Americans troops encamped behind our trenches were moved to better camps among the foot-hills of the mountains to the north, and Santiago was made the base of supplies. All provisions were landed there, and conveyed through the city to the camps beyond. Every day the army pack-trains and the army wagons rattled and banged down the hilly and ill-paved streets on their way to the docks. The air was filled with American oaths as the drivers worked their mules out of confusion apparently hopeless. The docks where the transports unloaded were scenes of great activity. A broad well-paved street, lined by warehouses and iron-roofed sheds, fringes the wharves. Crowds of stevedores, working for rations, unloaded the transports, and piled their cargoes of food into warehouses, from which the wagons were supplied. The street was filled with mules and carts, soldiers on guard, and mounted officers. The Red Cross headquarters and soup-kitchen are here, and the poor and hungry came in droves to be fed.

AN IMPORTANT RESULT OF THE UNITED STATES OCCUPATION OF SANTIAGO—THE NEW STREET-CLEANING DEPARTMENT AT WORK.

The Red Cross Society has done excellent work in Santiago, and has been effective and well managed. Its system has been good; it has had former experience in this matter of food distribution to Cubans, from which it has benefited, and it rapidly fed the poor and relieved the sharpest suffering. There has been complaint that its supplies went to people who were not actually in want and who were able to buy for themselves. It should be recognized that it is impossible to immediately distribute relief to a half-starved city and not make mistakes of this kind. During the first days, when there were many actually starving, it was most difficult to ascertain who could or could not afford to buy. These precautions can only be taken when the wire edge of the suffering is relieved, and they were taken by the Red Cross as soon as this was accomplished. It has also been said that the people would not work as long as they could obtain free food from this society. There is more truth in this contention than in the former one. Difficulty has been experienced in getting stevedores and men to work on the streets, yet there are hundreds of idle men in town who will not work as long as they can get their bellies filled for nothing. As opportunities for work increase—and they will be many as soon as the iron-mines resume operations in the near future—the Red Cross should, and doubtless will, largely cut down its contributions. The society has also opened a free dispensary, which is largely patronized, and which is an excellent charity, as there is a vast amount of sickness in Santiago.

When in July the American army promised to bombard Santiago at any moment, all people who were non-combatants went out to the country, the greater part of them to the near-by village of Caney. They expected to stay two days, and took provisions for that length of time; they remained outside for twelve days, and suffered greatly. Caney was crowded in a manner hard to comprehend—twenty in a small room, three hundred in a house built for twenty. There was no food, there were incessant rains and no shelter, and there was, consequently, much sickness. These unfortunate refugees walked wearily back to their homes when the city surrendered, bearing little else with them than the germs of illness that developed rapidly in their filthy city. Compared with former times, the death-rate for July was appalling. It used be three or four a day; then it was forty. The hospitals, where some four hundred and fifty wounded Spanish soldiers were installed, were overcrowded, the authorities had to watch that the dead were properly buried, and there was not a house in town where several sick persons could not be found. Malarial fever prevailed everywhere; there were dysentery, lung trouble, and complications brought about by exposure, as well as numberless maladies that were the result of insufficient nutrition.

One good promise for improvement in Santiago's health lies in what is being done in the way of cleaning the city. A street-cleaning department has been organized, and rules for the observance of householders have been issued. Herein they are instructed to clean their premises thoroughly every morning and deposit all sweepings in boxes before their doors, whence they will be removed by the department and cremated. Some three hundred men were employed as street-sweepers, and the work has only been begun. There are to be proper system and proper inspection and proper enforcement of rules. Lime is to be liberally used as a disinfectant, and supplied free to householders. Santiago is on the eve of an era of clean streets and houses such as she has never known, and it is pleasing to note that the measures to this end have received the earnest commendation of the more intelligent, and from the beginning an unexpected observation from the poorer classes.

The commercial situation there is serious, and there is no immediate improvement in sight. During the last three years much Santiago capital has gone back to Spain for safe-keeping during the unsettling time of the revolution. Some men thought that the raising of the American flag over the city would be followed by a speedy commercial revival. That this has not been the case is due to one clear fact—until the merchants are satisfactorily assured that the United States will retain final possession of Cuba, until they know that the control and government will not eventually pass to Cubans, there will be no resumption of business on a large scale. For a permanent American government means an equable, just, and proper administration of public affairs and a return of business confidence. It is feared and openly asserted that Cuban control will bring in its wake incompetence and internal turmoil, persecution and unstability, that will be worse than the worst of Spanish rule. The merchants and planters of Santiago have suffered much in recent years, and they wisely prefer to await the time when they can see more clearly, "*cuando veamos mas claro*," before risking their money in any business undertaking. And there seems to be no doubt but that Santiago will wait until this point is determined. If the United States gave assurances of its protection of and responsibility for the lives and properties of the inhabitants of the island during a trial of Cuban self-government, confidence would be partially restored. By many it is thought that there will be such a trial, but its failure seems a popular belief, and there are few, outside of certain Cubans, who think that this trial could bring other than a disastrous result.

Several cargoes of American provisions arrived after the capitulation sent out by some enterprising men who hoped to make quick sales because of the besieged city's extremity. These merchants were forced to store their goods in city warehouses, in some cases at heavy expense, because the city did not buy more than was necessary for its daily wants, and this also by reason of the prevailing uncertainty of the future. There has not been, until recently, any communication with the interior or with any other coast towns. Farms and plantations have not produced for a year, consequently there is no money up-country. There are not more than 30,000 people in the city, and not more than 5000 that consume other than the most rudimentary food. The mango season is on, the sweet-potato will grow in sixty days and support a poor man's family, and the Red Cross Society is liberal; these three points are in favor of the 25,000 who have little money to spend on food. So Santiago buys from the enterprising American merchants only what a small proportion of its inhabitants will consume daily. "When we know we are to remain American, and when traffic with the interior is resumed, then business will boom as it never boomed before."

Another fact that has discomfited the most far-seeing of the residents of our newly acquired city is an edict from the Palace, issued by the military governor, concerning the value of Spanish gold and silver. The Spanish gold piece of twenty-five pesetas, or francs, is called a centen; in Spain it is worth five dollars gold; in Cuba it has been given an additional value of six per cent., with the idea of keeping it in the island. The United States declared, through the Palace at Santiago, that it would accept the centen for the payment of all customs duties at five dollars gold, and not at the rate of five dollars and thirty cents formerly prevailing. Men in Santiago recognized our right to take their money at whatever price we thought fit; there was war, we were the military occupants, and this ruling was considered a war measure. The merchant paying six per cent. more customs than formerly made up his loss by charging the consumer of his goods a higher price. But when it was learned that this ruling applied to commercial transactions between individuals, in which our government had no interest or part, it was then declared by people of the city that we were overstepping our rights and power as military occupants of the province. According to Fiore's international law, the military occupant of a conquered territory has no right to interfere with or reverse an existing legislative act of the occupied territory, unless forced thereto by military necessity. It would then appear, according to the Italian Fiore, that we had gone too far in this matter. The men of Santiago could not see the reason or fairness of a measure that reduced by six per cent. the value of Cuba's capital, nor could they understand why this was done when neither the United States government nor any individual connected therewith would make a penny by the act. If the six per cent. went into some

one's pocket, the action would be comprehensible.

We have also increased the discount on Spanish silver in Cuba from 40 per cent. to 50 per cent. This has resulted in the immediate hoarding of Spanish silver, for the discount on the Peninsula is much less than 50 per cent., and one can do good business by shipping Spanish silver to Spain. Consequently, retail business is hampered by lack of small coins, and some men are getting rich on exchange. American money must come in very rapidly to prevent complications that will greatly hamper minor business transactions.

As has been already stated, the American soldiers, with the exception of the newly arrived regiment of immunes from Louisiana, who relieved the Ninth Infantry as a city guard, were moved to the low hills north of the city. Here they were camped, waiting definite orders to go home. Vast numbers of the men were sick and unfit for even light duty. Malarial fever held the army. They were exposed by day to a fierce sun and drenching tropical rains, by night to heavy dews, and at all times the camps were deep in mud. Breaking of the ground brought out malarial fever—the whole army was used up and weakened. March the well members of any regiment two miles, and not one-half the number that started could finish the walk. A striking example of this statement occurred when the men were moved from their camps behind the trenches to where they waited orders to go home. This extreme weakness and exhaustion were also shown as the men marched through the city to board the transports. They had the inspiration of music. "Home, Sweet Home" brought the tears to their eyes, for many of them knew they would never reach home. But the music inspired them, and there were the hope of the return and the knowledge that the work was done, and well done, too. Yet they dropped and staggered and gazed with lack-lustre eyes from the ambulances.

After the surrender of Santiago, the American soldiers had an experience far more trying to nerves and courage than the first three glorious days of July. They had long days of idleness in wet and unhealthy camps, there was increasing sickness on all sides, uncertainty as to future movements. The work was all over. There was none of the stimulus leading to the fight; there was none of the fierce desire for battle; there was a complete let down. With an open harbor in plain view, with good roads from the camps to the wharves, with the bay full of transports coming and going, there was not enough food, nor proper food, and medicines were scarce. Many a man owes his life to the Red Cross Society; his government did not do for him what the society could, and willingly and gladly did.

Men talked, until the peace news came, of the Havana campaign next winter, and hoped that our government would learn by that time how to take care of its soldiers in the field. Now, with peace, the Havana idea is dismissed, and soldiers are wondering how long before they will be sent down again, but this time to fight the Cubans.

LONDON.

FROM the communications cabled from New York it seems as though the echoes of the unpleasantness associated with the last struggle for the *America* Cup had not yet died down. The desire and resolve of Sir Thomas Lipton, who challenges on behalf of the Ulster Club, to bring the *America* Cup back to this side of the Atlantic in his yacht the *Shamrock* are certainly as keen as, if not probably keener than, those of any former contestant in the race. I venture to think that in the coming struggle (being an episode of international importance) the spirit in which the challenger enters upon and conducts the enterprise is highly material to the issue. An uneasy feeling exists in this country that the American public was badly treated by the English representative on the last occasion of the race for the cup, and unusual anxiety is felt that the champion of British—or perhaps I should say Irish—yachtsmen should so bear himself that sportsmen and the public on the other side of the Atlantic may recognize the chivalry and good faith characteristic of English sport. Under these circumstances, notes of a conversation between Sir Thomas Lipton and a few friends assembled at dinner at the Reform Club, at which I happened to be present, will interest the American public. I may preface what I have to say by mentioning the fact that Sir Thomas Lipton was unaware that his remarks would ever travel outside the four walls of the room. I was, however, so much struck with the tone and spirit of his conversation that I asked and obtained his permission to give the gist to the readers of HARPER'S, since unpremeditated utterances give a juster impression of the spirit of the man than elaborated statements deliberately prepared for publication. In the first place, Sir Thomas Lipton was insistent in expressing his conviction that the best boat has always won the *America* Cup, and always will do so; and, secondly, that his confidence in the gentlemen responsible for the arrangements of the race was absolute; so much so that he would not consider that there was a pin's point of advantage in having the race on the Clyde or in the Solent. He laughed to scorn the idea that the voyage across the Atlantic constitutes any disadvantage to the challenger from this side of the water, and Sir Thomas Lipton looks upon all such reasons for former defeats as mere excuses for design or workmanship that was, if not faulty, at least unsuited for the task taken in hand by former challengers. It was pleasant to hear the warmth and obvious sincerity with which Sir Thomas Lipton reiterated his complete trust in the fairness and good-will of American yachtsmen. Indeed, he feels certain that if either side is exposed to a fractional disadvantage in consequence of the arrangements being framed without conditions put forward on this side, that disadvantage will belong to the American competitor. It is, I believe, no secret that Sir Thomas Lipton has had placed upon him severe compulsion to insist on conditions. Rather than give way on this point he was prepared to resign his membership of any yacht club that made that a stipulation. The American public, therefore, may be quite certain that whatever the issue of the struggle may be, the spirit under which it is conducted will present a vivid contrast to the unfortunate episode of 1895.

If, however, Sir Thomas Lipton has gladly placed himself in the hands of the New York Club, it must not be thought that there will be any want of energy in organizing victory. If the cup is to be lifted, the *Shamrock* will do it. A more extraordinary combination of brain power, business capacity, and technical ability has never been brought together for the production of a racing-yacht. Messrs. Harland & Wolff have staked their reputation upon the issue. No money will be spared by Sir Thomas Lipton, though he is aware that if he were to spend $500,000 his opponents' outlay would probably double that amount. Speaking in the intimacy of private conversation, it was interesting to remark that the quiet modesty displayed by Sir Thomas Lipton in regard to his management and conduct of the enterprise was accompanied by a deep-seated conviction that his yacht, the *Shamrock*, will lift the *America* Cup, and it must not be forgotten that he is a man who has succeeded in everything he has undertaken. Sir Thomas, in order to save correspondence, has arranged for three representatives of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, in addition to the designer, to leave Liverpool by the *Britannic*, sailing on the 24th for New York, and no doubt all arrangements will be completed satisfactorily to both parties soon after her arrival. The Hon. Charles Russell, who is Sir Thomas's factotum in this matter, will also be present at the meeting in New York. The reputation of this gentleman for geniality and straightforwardness is of the highest.

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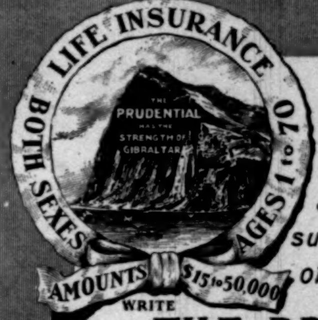

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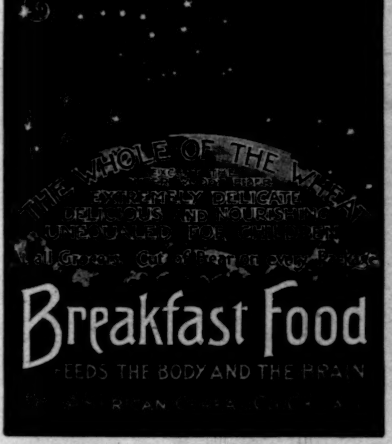

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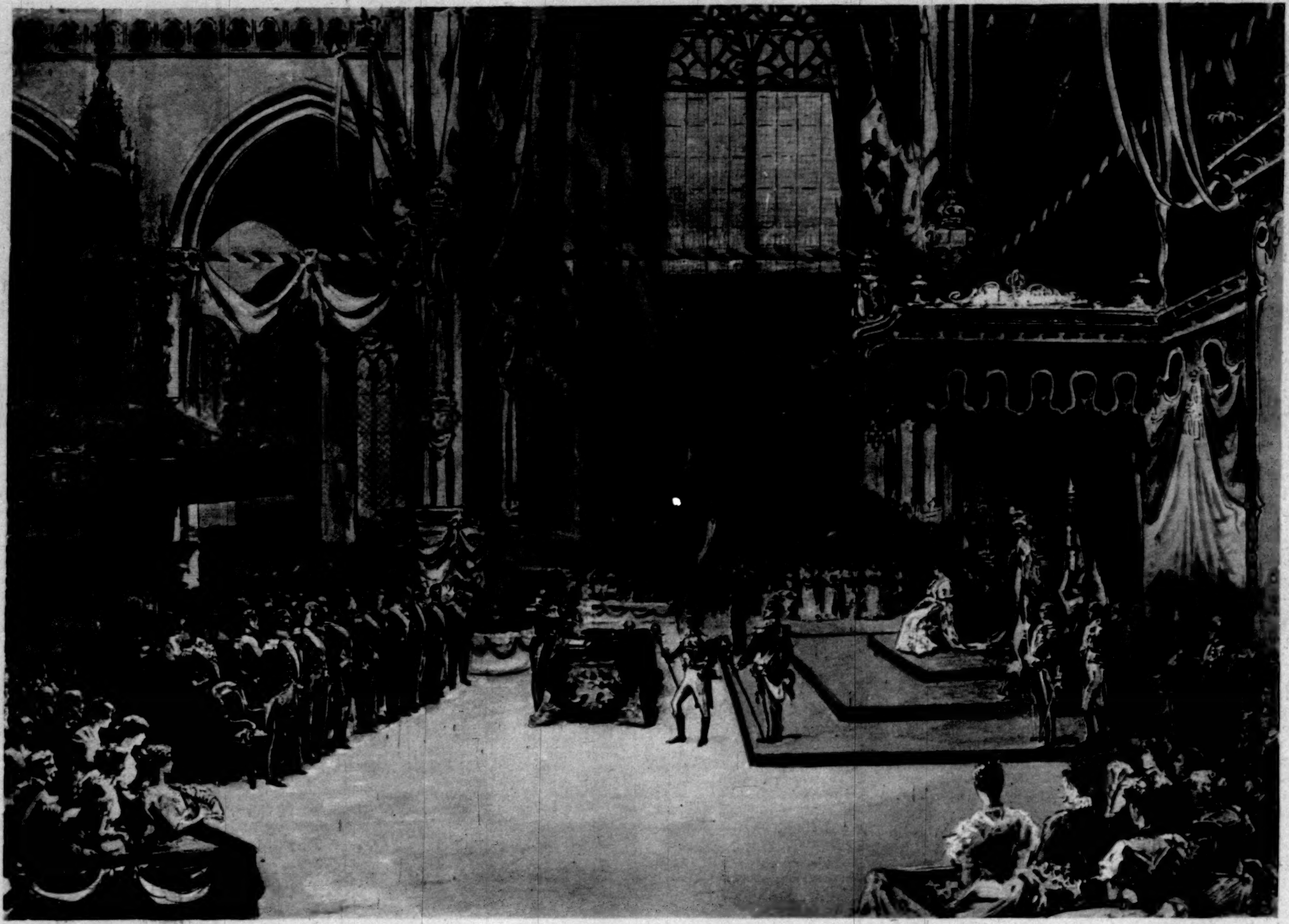


CEREMONY IN THE NEW CHURCH, AMSTERDAM, SEPTEMBER 6, 1898.

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.

From Descriptions furnished by V. Gribayédoff, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."

ADMIRAL PIETER PIETERSE HEIJN.

GROUP OF FAMOUS DUTCH ARTISTS—OSTADE, VAN DER MEER, AND DE HOOGH.

ADMIRAL VAN TROMP.

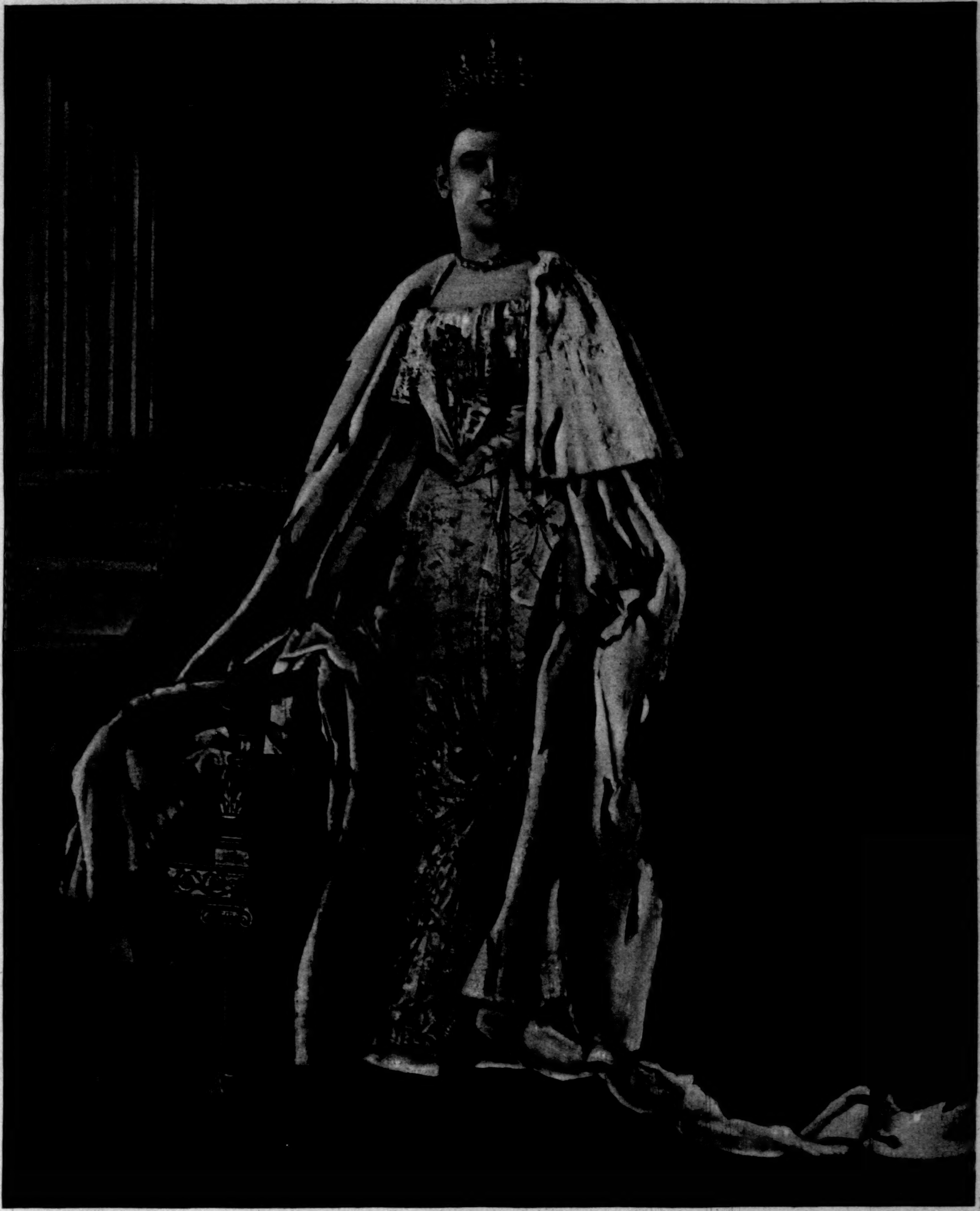
BODY-GUARD OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

Lord High Executioner.

THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER, HALBERDIERS, PAGES, AND LANSQUENETS.

CHARACTERS IN THE HISTORICAL PAGEANT AT THE ENTHRONING OF QUEEN WILHELMINA.

Photographs taken by V. Gribayédoff especially for "Harper's Weekly" at a Private Rehearsal.—[See Page 926.]



WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND, IN HER INAUGURATION ROBES.

After the only authorized Photograph.—By Courtesy of Messrs. Volkema and Warendorf.

QUEEN WILHELMINA'S ENTHRONEMENT.

The investiture of the young Queen of Holland with the prerogatives of royalty was not strictly a coronation, as the act of crowning formed no part of the ceremony that took place on the 6th inst. in the "New Church" of Amsterdam. That edifice, which retains its name, though 1100 years old, was richly draped and decorated for the occasion. A throne of crimson and gold was placed in front of the chancel, with the emblems of sovereignty—the crown, orb, sceptre, and sword—upon velvet-covered stools by its side. The church was filled with a distinguished assembly of richly dressed ladies, uniformed officers of the military, naval, and civil administrators of the kingdom, members of the diplomatic corps, and eminent guests and visitors, including the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar and the Prince and Princess Von Wied. Members of the royal families were on the right of the throne, and on the left were the princes of the Dutch possessions in the Indies.

A great throng had gathered about the Damplatz, through which the Queen was to pass in going from the palace to the church. The centre was kept clear, the crowd being held back by lines of troops. A brilliant awning, decorated with streamers, was stretched from the palace gate to the church entrance, with a velvet carpet over the space to be traversed by the royal procession, and on either side was formed a line of naval cadets. The day opened with a salute of 101 guns, and an impressive choral performed by trumpeters from the towers of the five great churches of the city. Shortly after ten o'clock the royal guests drove to the church, escorted by cavalry, while the drums beat, the bands played martial airs, and the troops presented arms. They were immediately followed by the Queen-Mother in a state coach bearing a gilt crown on a crimson cushion. She was greeted with plaudits, and shouts of "Long live the Queen-Mother!"

In the church, attended by her maids-in-waiting and ladies of honor, she took her place at the left of the throne, standing to await the coming of her daughter and the royal procession. She was richly dressed in light mauve decorated with lace and pearls, and wore on her head a splendid tiara, and on her breast the insignia of the Dutch orders.

Shortly the sound of trumpets and drums proclaimed that Queen Wilhelmina had left the palace; and at that moment the sun is said to have broken from the clouds with full effulgence, having been obscured all the morning. The procession was headed by the king-at-arms and heralds in gorgeous array, their long trumpets adorned with bright-colored pendants. Behind them came the young Queen, on foot, in a robe of white silk with a long train, and with a rich diadem on her head. She had over the white robe a mantle of red velvet bordered with ermine and bearing the lions of Nassau in gold embroidery, and wore the crown-jewels of the Netherlands. The short passage to the church door was attended by enthusiastic acclamations from the populace, and her arrival was heralded by the king-at-arms; and an escort of generals, each bearing a banner, attended her to the foot of the throne, while a choir of the finest singers in Hol-

land sang the national anthem, "Wilhelmus von Nassauwe."

The Queen received her greetings with a gracious bow, and took her seat upon the throne for a moment, and then arose, and in a clear voice, that reached every part of the church, delivered this address:

"Gentlemen of the States-General,—Since the death of my ever-lamented father, and until I have completed my eighteenth year, the government has been in the hands of my mother. I have now assumed the government, and I have issued a proclamation to my well-beloved people. The hour has now arrived when, amid the faithful States-General and invoking the holy name of God, I shall pledge myself to the people of the Netherlands to maintain their rights and privileges. On this day I draw more closely the solemn tie existing between myself and my people. The very ancient union of the Netherlands and of the house of Orange is confirmed afresh.

"Beautiful is my vocation! Beautiful is my task! I am happy and grateful to be able to govern the Netherlands people—a nation small in number, but great in virtue of its strength of character. I esteem it a privilege and a pleasing duty to devote all my strength to the prosperity and welfare of our father-land.

"The house of Orange can never—yea, never—do enough for the Netherlands. I need your support and co-operation, and I am convinced you will lend me these in order that we may be able to work together for the honor and prosperity of our Netherlands people. May this be the aim of our life, and may God bless you and my labors for the salvation of the father-land!"

President Van Eamnes of the First Chamber of the States-General then advanced to the throne, and said:

"We receive and invest you in the name of the Netherlands people and in virtue of the constitution as Queen. We swear we will maintain your inviolability and the rights of your crown, we swear to do all that good and faithful States-General should do, so help us Almighty God!"

The name of each member of the Chambers was called loudly by the usher, and he responded, "So help me Almighty God!" except that the Baptist members used the formula, "I promise it." After a short pause the Queen again arose, and in a clear voice repeated the oath to uphold the constitution, defend the independence of the nation, and protect the liberty of her subjects, using to that end all legal means, "as a good king should." After a moment's impressive silence a great shout of "Long live the Queen!" was three times repeated, and the heralds proclaimed the investiture of her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.

The Queen then left the church with her escort, followed by her mother, and returned to the palace amidst the renewed acclamations of the people. After the royal party had entered, four heralds appeared upon the balcony of the palace, a trumpet invoked silence, and the senior herald announced in a loud voice to the throng that Wilhelmina had been duly invested as Queen of the Netherlands. This was followed by a salute of guns, and the young sovereign appeared upon the balcony in view of her people, wearing her full regalia, and was followed by her mother. The two joined hands and bowed in response to the plaudits of the throng. They afterwards drove around the city to view the decorations in a carriage drawn by six horses, and attended by a guard of honor. In the evening there was a general illumination, with special features of unusual splendor, and the Queen and her mother drove through the streets in an open carriage, being everywhere greeted with great enthusiasm by the crowds.

PREPARING FOR THE CEREMONIES.

Amsterdam, *August 23, 1898.*

No knowledge of the Dutch language is necessary for one to realize that something unusual is in the air in this generally quiet if not precisely humdrum little country.

I noticed the something already at the first station inside of the frontier, when, immediately after the release of the passengers from the custom-house inspection-room, several individuals of the peasant class came forward to offer them various knickknacks and mementos for sale. All these articles, brooches, badges, scarf-pins, booklets, etc., bore some reference to the young Queen of the Netherlands, and her "inhuldijung," or inauguration, as ruler on September 6.

When the train stopped at the Hague railroad station my eye fell upon several large posters relating to sundry art expositions organized in honor of the same event, notably one of Rembrandt's works. As I wandered into town I soon perceived that the coming ceremony, with its accompanying festivities, was the one all-absorbing topic of the hour. At every important street corner workmen were busily engaged erecting scaffoldings for triumphal arches, tribunes, and other temporary constructions.

If the Hague impresses the stranger as being in a state of more or less subdued excitement, what must be said of the feverish activity visible on all sides in the capital itself? The whole town is virtually in the hands of carpenters, painters, and decorators, who are slowly but surely transforming it into a counterpart of fairyland. As, in addition to the royal procession to the church on September 6, there is to be an imposing historical pageant on the 7th, with an illuminated water-parade at night, and probably also a torch-light procession on the 9th, the demand for hotel accommodations and seats at the tribunes and at favorably situated windows and balconies is something stupendous.

In spite of all these great preparations, the inauguration will partake in many respects of the character of a family affair. The Queen-Regent, who is a German Princess of the good old-fashioned school, does not believe in subjecting a young girl of eighteen to more fatiguing duties than the occasion strictly calls for. A short while ago, therefore, a circular was sent to the Dutch ministers at all foreign courts, describing the inauguration as an event of "absolutely national and private character," and expressing the desire that no special envoys, nor even persons of royal blood, be sent to attend the ceremonies. Both Presidents McKinley and Faure subsequently expressed a desire to be specially represented—the former by a military attaché (probably one of the heroes of our late war), the latter by a member of his household; but both requests were courteously refused by the Queen-Mother, who feared that their acceptance might lead to further applications of the kind. Not any better, sad to relate, has been the fate of a petition from the president of a society of Daughters of Holland Dames in America to participate in the ceremonials on a more or less official footing. This was all the more cruel, as the young Queen had just been elected the society's vice-president.

It was my good fortune to be brought into touch with the organizers of the historical and allegorical pageant, by all odds the most interesting feature of the entire programme, the actual inauguration itself excepted. I had often heard of Dutch thoroughness and conscientiousness, but had never quite realized what this meant, until the other day, when I set foot in an old public building, long fallen into disuse, rejoicing in the name of the *Oude Buiten Gasthuis.* This place had been turned into the headquarters of the pageant committee, but, unless otherwise informed, one might have imagined one's self transplanted to a corner of the sixteenth century. The spacious court-yard, shaded with hoary trees, whose boughs extended over the surrounding roofs, was filled at the time with as gaudy an assemblage of courtiers, noblemen, halberdiers, and musketeers as has ever gladdened the eye of a modern theatre-goer—with this difference, however, that the stage hero has more often something tinselled and unreal about his get-up, whereas these people were arrayed in costumes so perfect, both as to material and make, so accurate in their design, that they looked for all the world as if they might just have stepped out of one of those great paintings by Rembrandt or Frans Hals in the Rijksmuseum near by.

It was while lost in contemplation of this scene that I presently noticed a florid individual in a modern gray suit take his post in the centre of the yard, and at his command all these gorgeous celebrities and their retainers and body-guards suddenly formed in line on the shady side of the quadrangle. It was Captain Fabius, the drill-instructor.

"Alle gereed houden, silentium; march, march, march!"

These were the words next spoken in stentorian tones, and, with the drum beating time, there began a brisk march around the yard. I afterwards learned that this sentence was the old formula in use in the days of Prince Maurice of Nassau, the victor of Nieuport, and that it means, "Make ready, silence, march."

After half an hour's drill the imposing company broke up, and prince and courtier, *provost gevaeldiger* (lord high executioner), page, body-guard, halberdier, down to the little drummer, all intermingled, without regard to difference in rank. The illusion was past. We were on the threshold of the twentieth century once more.

All these men were members of different local working-men's societies, who had offered to participate in the pageant without pecuniary remuneration, merely as an expression of their loyalty and affection for their young Queen. Most interesting it was to watch the proceedings after the drill had ended, and the trying on of the costumes of a batch of fresh candidates began. As a large number of historical personages were to figure in the pageant, it became necessary in selecting the paraders to keep account of physical resemblances. A candidate would often have to submit to a prolonged scrutiny of his face and figure, and a comparison of the same with some lithographic reproductions of the historical paintings by the old Dutch masters, which are being followed with almost painful accuracy.

"Here is a man who resembles Pieter Hein to a T," remarks one of the committee-men, pointing to a strongly built individual who looks as if he might be a longshoreman or a freight-handler.

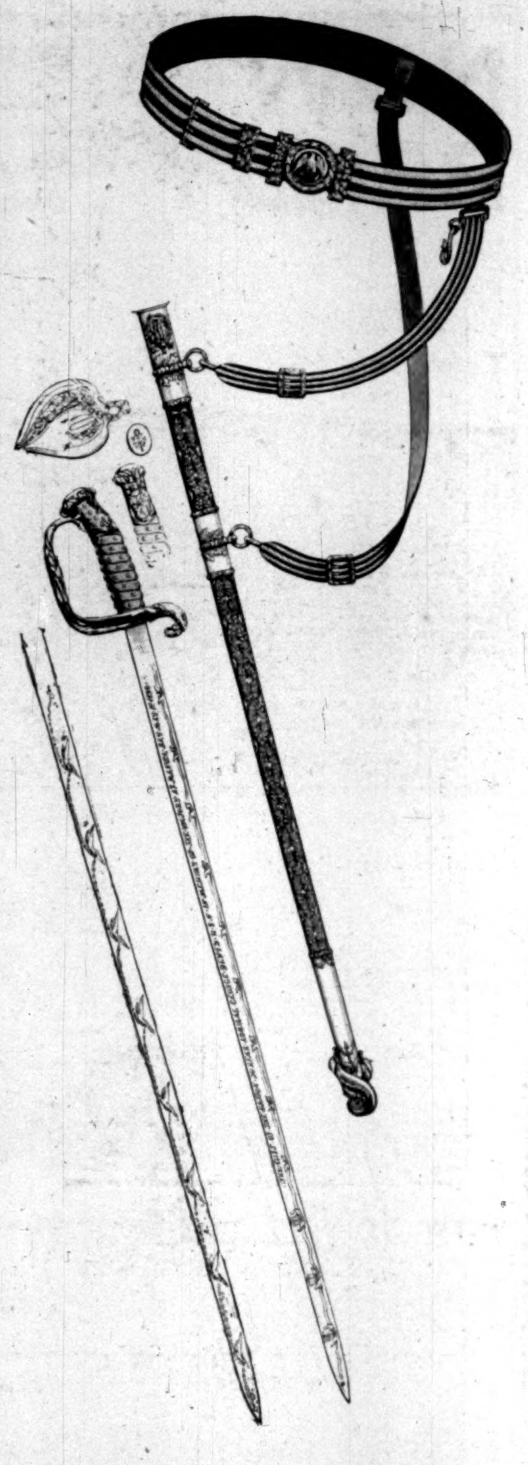
"Yes, but Piet did not wear side whiskers, and this man does," objects another committee-man.

"Oh, don't let that interfere, mynheer," exclaims the candidate. "I have worn these whiskers twenty years, but off they come if they stand in the way of my marching with the rest."

Upon these conditions the good man is awarded the part, and he dons his gorgeous costume of blue and velvet, with red and gold trimmings, with becoming dignity, and allows the writer to transfer the picture upon the sensitized plate of his travelling camera. Many of these men are old soldiers and sailors, and hence there has been little difficulty in whipping them into line. Most of them belong to the small employee or day-laborer class, and it is really surprising how very much those who impersonate historical personages resemble their originals. The Dutch type has certainly undergone but little change during the past three centuries. Take the group who represent the artists Ostade, Van der Meer, and Peter de Hoogh. One might almost think the originals had come to life again. The Prince of Orange, De Ruyter, Tromp, Von Galen, the Stadhauder William, afterwards King of England—all these great men of the early republic have found almost perfect counterparts in this great historical procession of the 7th of September.

Before leaving the *Oude Buiten Gasthuis* I was afforded an opportunity to visit the extensive wardrobe and arsenal of the historical pageant, and it was then I reached a true comprehension of the artistically conscientious spirit of the organizers. Not a single article of wear or accoutrement but was finished in every detail, even to the flintlocks and antique powder-belts—everything in working order, and in perfect condition to do effective and immediate service in the year of our Lord 1598.

V. Gribayédoff.



THE ADMIRAL DEWEY SWORD.

The sword of honor to be presented to Rear-Admiral Dewey was authorized by the joint resolution of Congress approved June 3, 1898, and in response to the publication of the resolution a great many designs were submitted. The committee consisted of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Charles H. Allen; United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, who introduced the joint resolution; and Professor Marshal Oliver, of the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland. The design chosen was that of Mr. Paulding Farnham, of the house of Tiffany & Co., and a member of the National Sculpture Society.

The sword, with the exception of the steel blade and the body metal of the scabbard, will be made entirely of pure gold, 22-karat fine; the grip will be covered with fine shark-skin, bound with gold wire and inlaid with gold stars. Above the shark-skin the handle terminates in a richly carved and enamelled gold collar and pommel; a narrow band of oak leaves unites the shark-skin to the collar; then come the arms of the Admiral's native State, Vermont, with the motto, "Freedom and Unity"; and above this, and spreading toward the top, is the Great Seal of the United States, with the blue field of the shield in enamel. The shield in the arms of Vermont is also enamelled. The collar is surmounted with a closely woven wreath of oak leaves, the standard decoration for rank, and the intervening spaces between the decorations are studded with stars. On the pommel is carved the name of the battle-ship *Olympia* and the zodiacal sign for the month of December, when Dewey was born.

The guard is composed of a conventional eagle, terminating in a claw clasping the top, the outspread wings forming the guard proper. The eagle bears a laurel wreath in its beak.

The scabbard will be of thin steel, damaskeened in gold with sprays of *Ros marinus*, signifying fidelity, constancy, and remembrance. The sprays are interlaced in the form of a series of cartouches, with a star in the centre of each, while dolphins fill the outer spaces. Sprays of oak leaves and acorns secure the rings and trappings of the scabbard; above these, on the front of the scabbard, is a raised monogram in brilliants (diamonds) entwining the letters "G. D.," and immediately under them are the letters "U. S. N.," surrounded by sprays of *Ros marinus.* The ferrule, or lower end of scabbard, terminates in entwined gold dolphins.

The sword-blade is damaskeened with the inscription:

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The Phœnician galley, representing the first craft of the world's navies, supplies the rest of the ornament on this side of the blade. On the other side of the blade is shown the flight of the eagles of victory bearing festoons of laurel.

The mounting of the belt and the trappings will be the regulation buckles, pierced slide-rings and swivels—all of 22-karat gold, and ornamented with the oak leaves and acorns. The bullion tassel and embroidered belting are especially made, and will be much superior to those usually employed.

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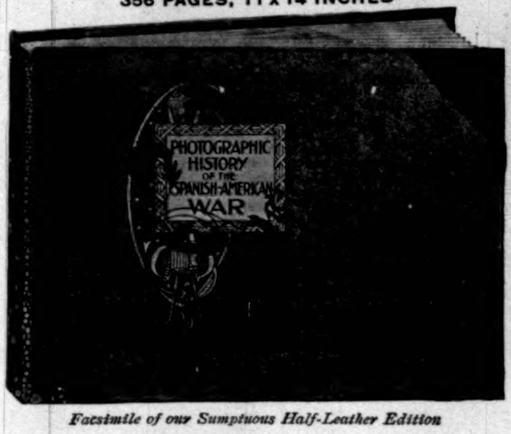

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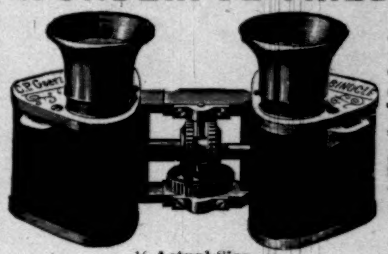

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